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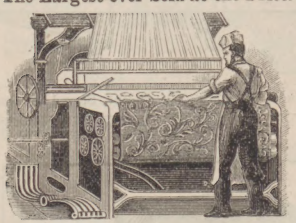
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"FRANCIS HURT."

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PERSONAL POLITICS

"Under which King?"

The evolution of the great problem in politics and character which is now going forward is, as I write, very much in doubt. It is the most difficult thing in the world to get a reliable forecast of what will happen in Ireland. Said a Parnell member to me, "If there were to be a general election to-morrow, I will tell you what would happen. The Nationalists would come back seventy-five strong, for we should certainly lose ten seats. Parnell would get fifty of them, and the other side twenty-five." On the other hand, a sagacious member of the majority was confident that the new Parliamentary party would sweep the country, and leave Parnell stranded with a fraction of a following of irreconcilables. I think it very probable that Dublin and Cork, which are the seats of the extreme party, to which Mr. Parnell is now appealing, will go for the old Irish leader, but that the country may declare itself as a whole against him. Already the back-wash of opinion is setting in. Up to Monday the majority of the telegrams were in favour of Mr. Parnell. Since that date, however, they have been going all the other way, in the proportion probably of seven to one hostile to the Irish leader. So the fight goes on, the tactical advantage for the present lying with

Mr. Parnell's Opponents.

They did a very smart stroke of work on Monday. They fully constituted the party by putting young Sir Thomas Esmonde in Mr. Richard Power's place, and moving a writ for Kilkenny. Moreover, they gathered in the House in full force, and gave Mr. Justin McCarthy a ringing cheer when the little man—blushing very red, but speaking out quite bold and strong—gave notice of a resolution in regard to the prosecution of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien. By a graceful act of kindness, the Irishmen left a blank space round Mr. Parnell's old seat, so that he can take it whenever he pleases. He did not, however, appear; and Colonel Nolan's round, good-natured face was for some time the only representative of the new Parnellite Rump.

Mr. Parnell's "Deposition."

Not being an Irish journalist, I was not a witness of the extraordinary scenes which led to Mr. Parnell's deposition, but I had them well described to me by more than one who was present, and who shared in the terrible excitement of the hour. Not, indeed, for the first time since the Irishmen's knowledge of him, but still with more complete absence of self-control, Mr. Parnell utterly lost his temper, and became, for the moment, the victim of passions so fierce and terrible that they seemed to threaten the loss of his reason and the personal safety of Mr. Healy and one or two of his opponents; yet in the scene which took place when the contest of precedence arose between Mr. John O'Connor and Mr. Abraham the Irish leader maintained the impassive demeanour which is his characteristic. A storm of voices shouted for Mr. Abraham, who held in his hand a resolution which was to depose the Irish leader. Mr. Parnell steadily refused to see him, but looked straight before him, his cold grey eye fixed on vacancy, not indicating by so much as a quiver of a muscle that he was aware of the storm which was raging around him. Every now and then he repeated in a clear, firm voice—"I call on Mr. O'Connor. Silence!"—and in the end he had his way. For the last time his adversaries quailed before that wonderful will-power which in the old days, when a dispute occurred between him and some of his chief followers, sent a well-known Irishman away from the terrible presence of his leader trembling like a leaf. Never, I suppose, in the modern history of politics, has the mastery of one strong individuality been so strangely displayed.

Mr. Parnell,

however, did not keep up his regard of dignity and self-control to the last. In the end he gave way completely, and I am told that even his own followers shuddered as they watched his face, a prey to every passion which shakes the minds of men, towering over Mr. Justin McCarthy after he had snatched from his hands, with almost brutal violence, a paper which Mr. Abraham had handed to him. Green with passion, he glared down on his lieutenant. Mr. McCarthy met this shocking outburst with the utmost dignity and coolness. He glared back at his chief through his spectacles, a picture of quiet courage. For a moment everybody feared that he would be struck, and a deplorable scandal would take place. Happily Mr. Parnell, who has a

Real Regard for Mr. McCarthy,

recollected himself in time, and the scene passed. Another violent outburst occurred a few minutes later, when Mr. Healy, with a fierce snarl curling his lips, slipped in the sneer about "The mistress of the Irish Party." If Mr. Parnell could then have got at his old enemy, with whom he has not spoken in private for some time, he might have done his best to slay him. It was a shocking moment, in which for the second time the man who completely lost all self-mastery was the Irish leader. A few minutes later he had resumed his accustomed mask of half-weary indifference. His handsome face changed into a stoical calm again. "It was delightful," said one of his sympathisers, "to watch the ironical smile on it when Mr. Gladstone's letter was being read out to the meeting by Mr. John Redmond. Such an expression of calm disdain I never saw on any man's face." Parnell's weakness will lie in the fact that he has

Lost Nearly All the Best Men in his Party.

With one or two exceptions, the flower of the Irishmen are in the opposite camp. Sexton, at his best, is one of the greatest orators of the day; Healy is the life and soul of Parliamentary movement; Arthur O'Connor has more Parliamentary knowledge than perhaps any man in the House of Commons; "T. P." is their best platform speaker; and Dillon and O'Brien are the two great popular forces who have borne the brunt of the battle. O'Brien's detachment from Parnell is a remarkable tribute to the force of the movement against him. O'Brien is personally attached to Parnell, and he is the only member of the party, except, perhaps, James O'Kelly, who has much personal influence with the Irish leader. On the Parnell side, by far the best man is John Redmond, a squireen of very respectable family, high personal character, and a rarely exercised gift of speech. John O'Connor—"Long John," as he is usually called—can talk, but he is not a man of very large weight, and he has not been specially prominent in Ireland. All the Plan of Campaign men are against their chief, and so are most of the men who have suffered imprisonment under the Coercion Act.

"Paying the Piper!"

Unfortunately, the Patriots, as they are called, are weighted by the fact that most of the paid members—about thirty-eight in all—have, with singular self-sacrifice, left the man with the purse and joined the majority. I am told that nearly thirty of these gentlemen belong to the new party, and their adhesion at this moment is particularly awkward to them, inasmuch as their salaries, which in very few cases go above £300 a year, are just due, and not one stiver will they get from Mr. Parnell. On the other hand, the party has the advantage of including several rich men. Mr. R. T. A. Dickson, Mr. Barry, Mr. Morrogh, Mr. Murphy, and others are very well-to-do men, and can afford to put their hands pretty deep into their pockets. They raised £1100 on the spot for the support of the paid members, and they are confident of being able to keep the new ship afloat in spite of the desertion of the captain, who very unfortunately happens to be the purser as well. The amount of the Irish Parliamentary Fund is not quite known, but is probably about £25,000. As far as the Irishmen know, Mr. Parnell has complete control of it, though Mr. McCarthy is, I believe, a joint trustee with him. But the cheques are all signed by him, and I do not think that he is called upon to render account of the manner in which the fund is utilised. If, however, he desires to act unscrupulously in the matter of the money, he can do it. It is a strange, ugly business.

Mrs. O'Shea,

by the way, is a woman not only of personal attractions but of intellect. Mr. Gladstone and most leading Liberals knew her well, through her family, and she was commonly known as "Kitty" O'Shea. There is no doubt she has taken considerable part in the intrigues and negotiations which have gone on with both parties during the last eleven or twelve years.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.



RESIDENCE OF MR. CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, M.P., IN WICKLOW, IRELAND.

FACTS AND FACES.



The Right Rev. Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker-st., W.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has written a judicious reply to the Primate of the Salvation Army—a reply which it is to be hoped will cause the charitable to continue their contributions to local benevolent associations, some of which have suffered, I learn, through the rush of cheques into General Booth's "Darkest England" Fund. Dr. Edward White Benson is one of the most powerful speakers in England. His remarkably resonant voice, clear as a bell, rings out and fills the largest building. His record is a distinguished one. A Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, he has been Master of Wellington College, Canon and Chancellor of Truro, Cathedral, and Bishop of Truro, whence he was "translated" to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. As Primate of England, Dr. Benson is at the head of the Church societies for the amelioration of the lot of the poorest. It has been for many years past held in the *Penny Illustrated Paper* that the best of all ways to grapple with the bitter misery that exists outside the workhouse would be for Church and Chapel and, indeed, all religious denominations to co-operate with the Poorhouse authorities, and thus by a vast benevolent organisation at least prevent people from

dying in our midst of starvation. The Church of England and the Dissenting Bodies should not allow the Salvation Army Chief to monopolise this crusade of philanthropy. Dr. Benson is probably determined that the Church agencies shall not relax one whit of their energies at this juncture. That may be read between the lines of his timely letter to General Booth:—

The centrality and universality and the dominion to be exercised over your scheme appear to me to amass difficulties for the future. Wants are so various, individual, local, generic, that local operations or specialised societies appear to possess great advantages in dealing with them. Of such there are numbers earnestly at work, with a host of agents and volunteers. It seems to me a sign of weakness that you ignore them so completely as to produce—unintentionally, no doubt—the impression that in districts where such organisation has been long and vigorously at work, your own are the only helpers and rescuers. I do not doubt that these local bodies and various associations now need much co-ordination—that co-operation would economise labour and intensify result. You deserve gratitude, as for many other reasons, so for this, that your large picture and large ideal exhibit so forcibly the need of intercommunication and collaboration.

Dean Church.

The death on Tuesday, at Dover, of the Rev. R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's, is not only a loss to the Anglican community, but to the whole English-speaking world. Dean Church was something more than the famous High Church ecclesiastic who presided over our great London Cathedral: he was a man of profound erudition, and, what rarely accompanies erudition, of splendid literary attainments. His life, apart from his books, has been uneventful. He was born in the year of Waterloo, and won a Fellowship at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1836. He was appointed to the Deanery of St. Paul's in 1871, and

Might have Succeeded

to the Archbishopric of Canterbury on the death of Dr. Tait, but declined the high dignity on the ground of ill-health. His biographies of Spenser and Bacon in the "English Men of Letters" Series are well known, but he will best be remembered by his books on Dante and St. Anselm, which may be counted as literature of the first rank. An accomplished classical and Church scholar, the world has also lost in Dean Church a man of singular piety and goodness.

"100 Cheap Dishes"

is the title of a sixpenny handbook which I have much pleasure in recommending to housewives of small means. It reflects great credit on the compiler, Emily de Vere Mathew, who has done public service in clearly indicating how dishes for four or five persons can be made at a small cost. The full title is "100 Cheap Dishes, each of which can be made for less than one shilling." The publishers are Messrs. Pawsey and Hayes, Ipswich.

Modern Manners.

There has been an interesting correspondence in the St. James's Gazette this week on the question of manners as exhibited in railway trains. It appears that Mrs. Meade, the editress of Atalanta, stepped into a first class carriage on the Metropolitan in which every seat was occupied, while of the "gentlemen" allowed her to stand the whole of the journey. "Has the age of chivalry gone?" she asks, to which the answers have varied. "One of the Six" writes to say that she had no right to enter; another insists that on no account should more than the full number be permitted to enter a carriage, which would often mean a free fight between the "haves" and the "have nots." Two writers, on the other hand, claim that [illegible] and emphasise [illegible] found in third class [illegible] their point by a reference [illegible] of the first class "seasons," [illegible] visitor arrives, as contrasted by [illegible] which the British workman [illegible] a squeeze. Perhaps the moral of it all is that there should be a very powerful public brought to bear upon the railway companies to run more trains, and that this should be followed by a stringency as to overcrowding like that which obtains in tram-cars and omnibuses.

Avondale,

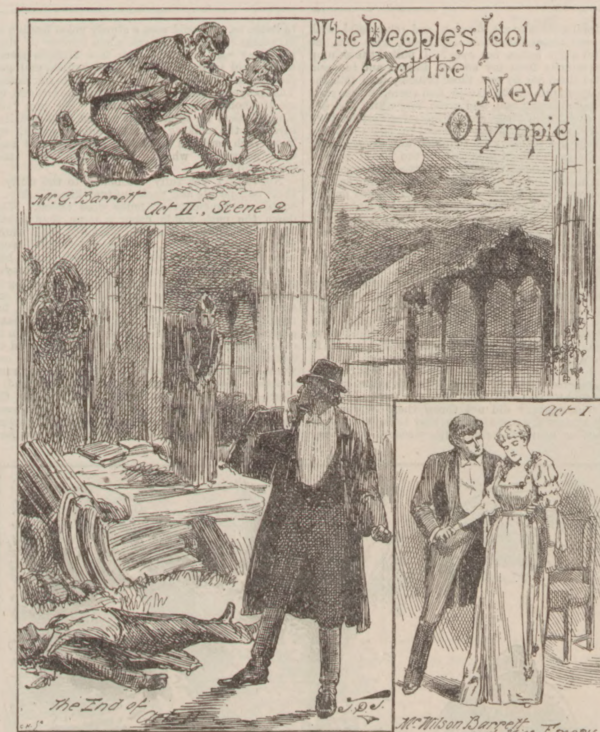
the seat of Mr. Parnell, is photographed on the [illegible] page, from a photograph courteously lent by a Correspondent. It was taken by Mr. [illegible], F.S.A., in May 1890. Avondale is situated in the lovely vale of Ovoca, co. Wicklow, and Mr. Parnell's estate is of fair dimensions.

"Up for the Cattle Show,"

our country cousins, ruddy and stout, cast us pallid, pale-faced citizens into the shade as [illegible] December—if "shade" be a proper [illegible] to apply to the [illegible] of the year when the [illegible] to illumine London. The [illegible] Shire-horse [illegible] Gilbey were among the [illegible] who gathered at the Agricultural Hall on Monday to admire the Queen's champion [illegible] the other prize cattle, sheep, and [illegible] of which are limned by a P.I.P. [illegible] Her Majesty has once again taken the championship prize of the Smithfield Club, [illegible] won eight prizes in all. The Royal [illegible] Princess Josephine 2nd, is the best [illegible] Shorthorn exhibited. The Prince of [illegible] wins a first and second prize with his [illegible]. The Shorthorns, Herefords, and [illegible] excellent, and the Cattle Show altogether full of interest—for all who delight in well-fatted animals of huge bulk.

A Benevolent Picture Show

[illegible] organised by Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen [illegible] the widow and family of a clever [illegible] sculptor, R. A. Ledward; and many gems



of art may be picked up cheaply at the Ledward Exhibition at the Royal Arcade Gallery, Old Bond-street. It will add to the pleasure of looking at a pretty picture to know that its purchaser helped a young widow in her sorest hour of trial.

Mr. W. L. Thomas,

who has made the *Graphic* one of the most wonderful newspaper properties in the world, had a gratifying compliment paid him at the Hôtel Métropole on the twenty-first birthday of the *Graphic*. Mr. Herkomer, R.A., presided at a banquet attended by a distinguished artistic gathering, and deservedly lauded Mr. Thomas for the consummate ability and energy with which he had conducted that great paper. Held in the highest esteem by the *Graphic* staff, Mr. Thomas was presented with a handsome dinner service, and made a happy reply. The *Graphic* has been directed so honourably from the first that it is a source of satisfaction to every journalist to join in the felicitations offered to Mr. Thomas.

THE PROMPTER.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

Cattle-Show Visitors have flocked in large numbers to witness the spectacular grandeur of "A Million of Money" at Drury-Lane (which presently transfers its dramatic treasure to Covent-Garden); to be held spellbound by the absorbing play of "Ravenswood," so powerfully played by Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. William Terriss at the Lyceum; to be interested in the romantic and exciting Irish melodrama of "The English Rose" at the Adelphi; and to be witched by the sumptuous grandeur of Mrs. Langtry's revival of "Antony and Cleopatra" at the Princess's.

Mr. Wilson Barrett is to rely at the New Olympic, it seems, on strong acting drama—not upon the elaborate spectacular melodrama with which Mr. Augustus Harris knows so well how to fill Drury-Lane. The commodious new playhouse which a *P.I.P.* Artist outlined last week was quite crowded with an enthusiastic audience on the night of the 4th, assembled as much to give Mr. Barrett a hearty cheer of encouragement as to give a favourable hearing to the new drama, "The People's Idol," joint work of Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Victor Widnell. Let me at once say that I thought "The People's Idol" capable of being made a very strong play. It has a couple of extremely powerful situations such as should make the fortune of a worse piece. Most of the dull, abstract dialogue about "Capital v. Labour" in the first act should be cut away (this has probably been done by this time); and the hero's whining about a murder he never committed absolutely altered, together with the smile-creating verdict of the handy doctor—death of the murdered "Idol" from heart-disease. These amendments made, "The People's Idol," by reason mainly of the picturesque Abbey sensation scene in which Jim Stevens is killed, and of the extremely dramatic tableau formed by the bearing of the dead body into the workyard when Lawrence St. Aubrey is disputing with the men on strike, should, at least, enjoy a remunerative run. The cast is remarkably strong. In his well-known, clear, elocutionary style, Mr. Wilson Barrett gave dignity to the speeches of Lawrence St. Aubrey. First-night nervousness overcome, both Mr. Barrett and his sweetheart Grace probably impart more earnestness and reality to the love-passages, though Miss Winifred Emery couldn't be anything but charming. One of the most artistic bits of acting was Mr. George Barrett's embodiment of the rough artisan, so proud of his blatant son the strike leader, called "The People's Idol," a part done full justice to by Mr. Austin Melford. But we look for humour from Mr. George Barrett—one of the very best comedians we have. As St. Aubrey's brother, married to an American heiress but haunted by a girl he had seduced before marriage, Mr. Cooper Cliffe did the best he could; the rôle of Jim Stevens's former sweetheart, Myra Keith, being sustained by Miss Lillie Belmore. There are good character parts for one or two of the Sheffield workmen, capitally done by Messrs. W. A. Elliott and Manning. The scenery by Mr. Walter Hann is superb. The enthusiastic greeting Mr. Barrett received at the close augured well for his management, in commencing which he promised to do justice to British dramatists, as he did, indeed, at the Princess's.

The man who made the fortunes of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert—Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte—is an entrepreneur who eminently deserves well of the musical public. Mr. Carte on Tuesday evening celebrated the birthday of "The Gondoliers" in characteristically liberal fashion at the Savoy, which popular lyric temple looked like a bower of flowers when every lady was presented with a bouquet, and enjoyed the humours of this gay and lively musical piece none the less, be sure, by reason of the thoughtful floral gifts. Referring to the figure sketches on another page as souvenirs of "The Gondoliers," I will only add that, with Sir Arthur Sullivan as *chef d'orchestre*, the quaint and delightful comic opera seemed to go better than ever at the anniversary performance. "The Gondoliers" may be emphatically recommended as a mirth-moving opera that can be heard again and again with pleasure.

THESPIS.

JOHN RUSKIN AND BRANTWOOD.

In the *Penny Illustrated Paper* of Nov. 8 we published reproductions of a photograph of Mr. Ruskin, and one of Brantwood, by permission of Mr. George Allen. We have, however, since learned that the copyright of the photographs in question belongs to the gentlemen who took them—namely, Messrs. Green Brothers, the well-known landscape photographers, of Grasmere. We have made over the blocks to Messrs. Green, and beg to apologise to them for having unwittingly used photographs of theirs without their consent.

A fire broke out on the morning of Dec. 4 at the Newcastle-under-Lyme Workhouse. A wing of the building was destroyed, and five women and a child lost their lives.—North Grove Asylum, Hawkhurst, Kent, was burned down the same day, and a lady patient, Miss Jemmell, perished in the flames.

Tobacconists Commencing.—Illd. Guide (229 pages, 3d.), "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London.—Hy. Myers, Estab. 1866.—[Advt.]

Lost Vitality Restored.—The Mexican Life Pills, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box. Guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases.—Haynes and Co., Wednesbury.—[Advt.]

Cadbury's Cocoa.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health*.—[Advt.]

[illegible] Complaints.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[Advt.]

[illegible] Hair can be made still prettier. Hinde's Wavers without heat. 6d. the box everywhere; [illegible] from Hinde's (Ltd.), Birmingham.—[Advt.]

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.



The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that sugar, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"; therefore no family should ever be without it.

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RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

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CHAPTER IX.

I AM not of a nature to be long overwhelmed. All that night and far into the next day I lay upon Voewood, alternately sleeping and bewailing the chance which tossed me to and fro upon the restless ocean of time, and then I arose. I threw my arms round each in turn of those dear, callous ones in the chapel, and pushed back the brambles from them, and wept a little, and told myself the pleasure-store of life was now surely spent to the very last coin—then, with a mighty effort, tore myself away. Again and again, while the smooth swell of the grassy mound under which the foundations of the long-destroyed Saxon homestead with the little chapel by the rivulet were in sight, I turned and turned, loth and sad. But no sooner had the leafy screen hid them than I set off and ran whither I knew not, nor cared—indeed, I was so terribly drawn by that spot—so close in the meshes of its association, so thralled by the presence of the dust of all I had had to lose or live for, that I feared, if the best haste were not made, I should neither haste nor fly from that terribly sweet hillock of lamentations for ever.

What could it matter where my wandering feet were turned? All the world was void and vapid, east and west alike indifferent, to one so homeless; and thus I stalked on through glades and coppices for hours and days, with my chin upon my chest, and feeling marvellously cheap and lonely. But enough of this. Never yet did I crave sympathy of any man: why should I seem to seek it of you—sceptical and remote?

There were those who appeared at that time to take compassion on me unasked, and I remember the countrywomen at whose cottage doors I hesitated a moment yearning with pent-up affection over their curly-headed little ones—added to the draught of water I begged such food as their slender stores provided. One of these gave me a solid green forester's cape and jerkin; another put shoes of leather upon my feet; and a third robbed her husband's pegs to find me headwear, and so through the gifts of their unspoken goodwill I came by degrees into the raiment of the time.

But nothing seemed to hide the inexpressible strangeness I began to carry about with me. No sorry apparel, no woodman's cap drawn down over my brows, no rustic clogs upon my wandering feet, masked me for a moment from the awe and wonder of these good English people. None of them dared ask me a question, how I came or where I went, but everywhere it was the same. They had but to look upon me, and up they rose, and in silence, and, drawn involuntarily by that stern history of mine they knew naught of, they ministered to me according to their means. The women dropped their courtesies, and—unasked, unasking—fed the grim and ragged stranger from their cleanest platter; the men stood by and uncapped them to my threadbare russet, and whole groups would watch spell-bound upon the village mounds as I paced moodily away.

In course of time my grief began to mend, so that it was presently possible to take a calmer view of the situation, and to bend my thoughts upon what it were best to do next. Though I loved the greenwood, and am never so happy as when solitary, yet my nature was not made, alas! for sylvan idleness. I felt I had the greatest admiration and brotherhood with those who are recluse and shun the noisy struggles of the world; yet had I always been a leader of men, I now remembered, as all the pages of my past history came one by one before me and I meditated upon them day and night. No, I was not made to walk these woods alone, and, if another argument were wanting, it were found in the fact that I was here exposed to every weather, hungry and shelterless! I could not be for ever begging from door to door, eternally throwing my awe-inspiring shadow across the lintels of these gentle-mannered woodland folk, and my tastes, though never gluttonous, rebelled most strongly against the perpetual dietary of herbs and roots and limpid brooks.

Reflecting on these things one day, as I lay friendless and ragged in the knotty elbow of a great oak's earth-bare roots, after some weeks of homeless wandering, I fell asleep, and dreamed all the fair shining landscape was a tented field, and all the rustling rushes down by the neighbouring streamlet's banks were the serried spears of a great concourse of soldiers defiling by, the sparkle of the sunlight on the ripples seeming like the play of rays upon their many warlike trappings, the yellow flags and water-flowers making no poor likeness of dancing banners and bannerets.

'Twas a simple dream, such as came of an empty stomach and a full head, yet somehow I woke from that sleep with more of my old pulse of pleasure and life beating in my veins than had been there for a long time. And with the wish for another spell of bright existence, spent in the merry soldier mood that suited me so well, came the means to attain it.

In the first stages of these wanderings, while still fresh from the cloister shrine, I had paid but the very smallest heed to my attire and its details. I was clad in clean, sufficient wraps, so much was certain, with a linen belt about me, and sandals upon my feet; yet even this was really more than I noticed with any closeness. But as I ran and walked, and my flesh grew hot and nervous with the fever of my sorrow, a constant chafing of my feet and hands annoyed me. I had stopped by a woodside river bank, and there discovered, with wrathful irritation, that upon my bare apostolic toes and upon my sanctified thumbs—those soldier thumbs still flat and strong with years of pressing sword-hilts and bridle-reins—there were glistening in holy splendour such a set of gorgeous gems as had rarely been taken for a scramble through the woods before! There were beryls and sapphires and pearls, and ruddy great rubies from the caftans of Paynim chiefs slain by long-dead Crusaders, and onyx and emerald from Cyprus and the remotest East set in rude red gold by the rough artificers of rearward ages, and all these put upon me, no doubt, after the manner in which at that time credulous piety was wont to bedeck the shrine and images of saints and martyrs. I was indeed at that moment the wealthiest beggar who ever sat forlorn and friendless on a grassy lode. But what was all this glistening store to me, desolate and remorseful, with but one remembrance in my heart, with but one pitiful sight before my eyes? I pulled the shining gems angrily from my swollen fingers and toes and hurled them one by one, those princely toys, into the muddy margin of the stream, and there, in that rude setting, ablazing, red, and green, and white, and hot and cool, with their wonderful scintillations they mocked me. They mocked me as I sat there with my chin in my palms, and twinkled and shone among the sludge and scum so merrily to the flickering sunshine, that presently I laughed a little at those cheerful trinkets that could shine so bravely in the contumacy of chance, and after a time I picked one up and rinsed it and held it out in the sunshine, and found it very fair—so fair, indeed, that a glimmer of listless avarice was kindled within me, and later on I broke a hawthorn spray and groped among the sedge and mire and hooked out thus, in better mood, the greater part of my strange inheritance.

Then, here I was, upon this other bank, waking up after my dream, and, turning over the better to watch the fair landscape stretching below, my waist-cloth came unbound, and out upon the sand amid the oak roots rolled those lambent, glistening rings again. At first I was surprised to see such jewels in such a place, staring in dull wonderment while I strove to imagine whence they came, but soon I remembered piece by piece their adventure as has been told to you, and now, with the warm blood in my veins again, I did not throw them by, but lay back against the oak and chuckled to myself as my ambitious heart fluttered with pleasure under my draughty rags, and crossed my legs, and weighed upon my finger-tips, and inventoried, and valued, all in the old merchant spirit, those friendly treasures.

How unchanging are the passions of humanity! I tossed those radiant playthings up in the sunlight and caught them, I counted and recounted them, I tore shreds from my clothing and cleaned and polished each in turn, I started up angry and suspicious as a kite's wheeling shadow fell athwart my hoard. Forgotten was hunger and houselessness—I no longer mourned so keenly the emptiness of the world or the brevity of friendships: I, to whom these treasures should have been so light, overlooked nearly all my griefs in them, and was as happy for the moment in this unexpected richness as a child.

And then, after an hour or so of cheerful avarice, I sat up sage and reflective, and, having swathed and wrapped my store safely next my heart, I must needs climb the first grassy knoll showing above the woodlands and search the horizon for some place wherein a beginning might be made of spending it. Nothing was to be seen thence but a goodly valley spread out at a distance, and there my steps were turned—for men, like streams, ever converge upon the lowlands.

Now that I had the heart to fall into beaten tracks, coming out of the sheltering thicket byways for the first time since quitting the mounds over the ashes of Voewood, I observed more of the new people and times among whom fate had thus thrown me. And truly it was a very strange meeting with these folk, who were they whom I had known when last I walked these woods, and yet were not. I would stare at them in perplexity, marvelling at the wondrous blend of nations I saw in face and hair and eyes. Their very clothes were novel to me, and unaccountable, while their speech seemed now the oddest union of many tongues—all foreign, yet upon these English lips most truly native—and wondrous to listen to. I would pass a sturdy yokel leading out his teams to ploughing, and when I spoke to him it made my ears tingle to hear how antique Roman went hand in hand with ancient British, and good Norman was linked upon his lips with better Saxon! That polyglot youth, knowing no tongue but one, was most scholarly in his ignorance. To him 'twas English that he spoke; but to me, who had lived through the making of that noble speech, who knew each separate individual quantity that made that admirable whole, his jargon was most wonderful!

Nor was I yet fully reconciled to the unity of these new people and their mutual kinsmanship. I could not remember all feuds were ended. When down the path would come a more than usually dusky wayfarer—a trooper, perhaps, with leather jerkin, shield on back, and sword by side—I would note his swart complexion, and dark black hair, and then 'twas "Ho! ho! a Norman villain straying from his band!" And back I would step among the shadows, and, gripping the staff that was my only weapon, scowl on him while he whistled by, half mindful, in my forgetfulness, to help the Saxon cause by rapping the fellow over his head. On the other hand, if one chanced upon me who had the flaxen hair and pleasant eyes of those who once were called my comrades—if he wore the rustic waistless smock, as many did still, of hind or churl—why, then, I was mighty glad to see that Saxon, and crossed over, friendly, to his pathway, bespeaking him in the pure tongue of his forefathers, asked him of garth and homestead, and how fared



"Ho! ho! a Norman villain straying from his band!"

his thane and heretoga—all of which, it grieved me afterwards to notice, perplexed him greatly.

Not only in these ways was there much for me to learn, but, with speech and fashions, modes and means of life had changed. At one time I met a strange piebald creature, all tags and tassels, white and red, with a hundred little bells upon him, a cap with peaks hanging down like asses' ears, and a staff, with more bells, tucked away under his arm. He was plodding along dejected, so I called to him civilly.

"Why, friend! Who are you?"

"I am a fool, Sir!"

"Never mind," I replied cheerfully, "there is the less likelihood of your ever treading this earth companionless."

"Why, that is true enough," he said, "for it was too much wisdom that sent me thus solitary afield," and he went on to tell me how he had been ejected that morning from a neighbouring castle. "I had belauded and admired my master for years—therein I had many friends, yet was a fool. Yesterday we quarrelled about some trifle—I called him beast and tyrant, and therein, being just and truthful, I lost my place and comrades over the first wise thing I said for years!—it is a most sorry, disorderly world." *

This strange individual, it seemed, lived by folly, and, though I had often noticed that wit was not a fat profession, I could not help regarding him with wonder. He was, under his veneer of shallowness, a most gentle and observant jester. Long study in the arts of pleasing had given him a very delicate discrimination of moods and men. He could fit a merriment to the capacity of any man's mind with extraordinary acumen. He had stores of ill-assorted learning in the empty galleries of his head, and wherewithal a kindly gentle heart, a whimsical companionship for sad-eyed humanity which made him haste to laugh at everything through fear of crying over it. We were companions before we had gone a mile, and many were the things I learnt of him. When our way parted I pressed one of my rings into his hand. "Good-bye, fool!" I said.

"Good-bye, friend!" he called. "You are the first wise man with whom I ever felt akin"; and indeed, as this poor buffoon's coat went shining up the path, I felt bereft and lonely again for a spell.

Then I found another craftsman of this curious time. A little way farther on, near by to a lordly house standing in wide stretches of meadow and park lands, a most plaintive sound came from a thicket lying open to the sun. Such a dismal moaning enlisted my compassion, for here, I thought, is some luckless wight just dying or, at least, in bitterest extremity of sorrow: so I approached, stepping lightly round the blossoming thicket—peering this way and that, and now down on my hands and knees to look under the bushes, and now on tiptoe, craning my neck that I might see over, and so, presently, I found the source of the sighs and moans. It was a young man of most dainty proportions, with soft, fine combed hair upon his pretty sloping shoulders, his sleeves so long they trailed upon the moss, his shoes laced with golden threads and toed and tasselled in monstrous fashion. A most delicate perfume came from him: his clothes were greener than grass in springtime, turned back, and puffed with damask. In his hand he had a scroll whereon now and again he looked, and groaned in most plaintive sort.

"Why, man," I asked, "what ails you? Why that dreadful moaning? What are you, and what is yon scroll?" So absorbed was he, however, it was only when I had walked all round him to spy the wound, if it might be, that he suffered from, and finally stood directly in his sunshine, repeating the question, that he looked up.

"Interrupter of inspiration! Hast thou asked what I am, and what this is?"

"Yes; and more than once."

"Fie! not to see! I am a minstrel—a bard; my Lord's favourite poet up at yonder castle, and this is an ode to his mistress's eyebrows. I was in travail of a rhyme when thy black shadow fell upon the page."

"Give me the leaf! Why, it is the sickliest stuff that ever did dishonour to virgin paper! There, take it back," I said, angry to find so many fools abroad, "and listen to me! You may be a poet, for I have no experience of them, but as I am a man thou art not a bard! You a bard! You the likeness and descendant of Howell ap Griffith and a hundred other Saxon gleemen! You one of the guild of Gryffith ap Conan—you a scop or a skald!—why, boy, they could write better stuff than thou canst though they had been drunk for half a day! You a stirrer of passions—you a minstrel—you a tightener of the strong sinews of warrior hearts!—fie! for shame upon your silly trivial sonnets, your parti-coloured suits and sweet insipid vapourings! Out, I say! Get home to thy lady's footstool, or, by Thor and Odin, I will give thee a beating out of pure respect for noble rhyming!"

The poet did not wait to argue. I was angry and rough, and the rudest-clad champion that ever swung a flail in the cause of the Muses. So he took to his heels, and as I watched that pretty butterfly aiming across the sunny meadows for his master's portals, and stopping not for hedge or ditch, "By Hoth!" I said, laughing scornfully, "we might have been friends if he could but have writ as well as he can run!"

Then I went on again, and had not gone far, when down the road there came ambling on a mule a crafty-looking Churchman, with big wallets hanging at his saddle-bows, a portentous rosary round his neck, and bare unwashed feet hanging stirrupless by his palfrey's side.

"Now here's another tradesman," I muttered to myself, "of this most perplexing age. Heaven grant his wares are superior to the last one's! Good morning, Father!"

"Good morning, Son! Art going into the town to take up arms for Christ and His servant Edward?"

"Yes," I answered, "I am bound to go to the town, but I have not yet chosen a master."

"Then you are all the more sure to go to the fighting, for everyone, just now, who has no other calling is apprentice to arms."

"It will not be the first time I have taken that honourable indenture."

"No, I guess not," said the shrewd Friar, eyeing me under his pent-house eyebrows, "for thou art a stout and wiry-looking fellow, and may I never read anything better than my breviary again if I cannot construe in your face a good and varied knowledge of camps and cities. But there was something else I had to say to you." ["Here comes the point of the narrative," I thought to myself.] "Now, so trim a soldier as you, and one wherewithal so reflective, would surely not willingly go where hostile swords are waving and cruel French spears are thicker than yonder tall-bladed grass, unshriven—with all thy sins upon thy back?"

"Why then, monk, I must stay at home. Is that what you would say?"

"Nay, not at all. There is a middle way. But soft! Hast any money with thee?"

"Enough to get a loaf of bread and a cup of ale."

"Oh!" said the secret pardoner (for his calling was then under ban and fine), a little disappointedly, "that is somewhat small, but yet nevertheless," he muttered partly to himself, "these are poor times, and when all plump partridges are abroad Mother Church's falcons must necessarily fly at smaller game. Look here! good youth. Forego thy mortal appetites, defer thy bread and ale, and for that money saved thereby I will sell thee one of these priceless parchments here in my wallet—scrolls, young man, hot from the holy footstool of our blessed father in Rome, and carrying complete unction and absolution to the soul of their possessor! Think, youth! is not eternal redemption worth a cup of muddy ale? Fie to hesitate! Line thy bosom with this blessed scroll, and go to war cleaner-hearted than a new-born babe. There! I will not be exacting. For one of those silver groats I fancy I see tied in thy girdle I will give thee absolute admittance into the blessed company of saints and martyrs. I tell thee, man, for half a zecchin I will make thee comrade of Christ and endow thee with eternity! Is it a bargain?"

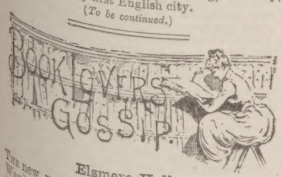
Silent and disdainful, I, who had seen a dozen hierarchies rise and set in the various peopled skies of the world, took the parchment from him and turned away and read it. It was, as he said—more shame on human intellect!—a full pardon of the possessor's sins wrote out in bad Norman Latin, and

* The Phœnician must have failed to recognise in the new finery of the time the latest representative of a brotherhood that had long existed.

reading the sign and benediction of St. Peter's Chair. I read it from top to bottom, then twisted its red robes round it again and threw it back to that purveyor of absolutions. Yes; and I turned upon that contemptible traveller and scorned and scouted him and his foul fetishes since noon, but he was worse than either. I scoffed him, just as my bitter mood suggested, and I had spent both breath and invention, then blasphemous and contemptuous, and left him at bay, mumbling half-formulated imprecations upon my biting tongue.

No more of these shallow panderers fell in my path to vex and irritate me, and before the white evening closed shining through the brilliant tapestry of the sunset over the meadow-lands in the west I had drawn near to and entered the strong, shadowy, fortified walls of my first English city.

(To be continued.)

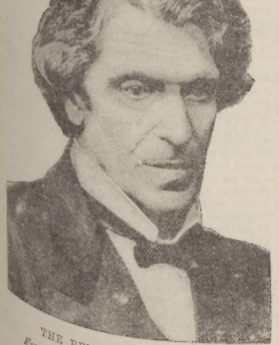


Elsmere Hall.

The new movement initiated by Mrs. Humphry Ward grows apace. There is already a college in the north-west of London much of the same character as Toynbee Hall in the east, with brilliant resident students and courses of lectures. On Nov. 29 there was a crowded meeting at the Portman Rooms to give the scheme a lift, and an advertisement. The Rev. Stopford Brooke took the chair, and said that the thing had originated in the extraordinary popularity of Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere." That popularity was due to the book having voiced the aspirations of thousands of men and women to whom belief in the old dogmas was fading. Mrs. Ward had dreamt of a centre in which there could be active work combined with reverent thought of a liberal type. Mrs. Humphry Ward will read a paper which was practically a history of religious inquiry from the time of Voltaire to our own day. Then came

Dr. Martineau,

the veteran writer, who told how heartily he sympathised with the idea, and how much he hoped that the hall would be a centre for young people in shops and warehouses. Dr. Martineau's face is little known in our day, yet he has been one of the keenest of controversialists and one of the most effective thinkers of the Theistic school which rejects "orthodoxy" on the one side and agnosticism on the other. Dr. Martineau was born at Norwich in 1805,



THE REV. DR. MARTINEAU.
From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker-street, W.

and he is a younger brother of Harriet Martineau. In that lady's "Autobiography" and brother James" is frequently mentioned. It is that brother Harriet had a bitter quarrel when she joined the ranks of the Agnostics, and she always said that the Theists and Unitarians dealt with her with less of charity than the severely logical "A Study of Spinoza" and "Types of Ethical Theory" are but two of James Martineau's many learned works.

"A Mariage de Convenance."

Let me commend an exceedingly powerful novel. Not for many a day have I read a piece of such analysis so terrible and yet so true as "A Mariage de Convenance," by C. F. Keary (Fisher Unwin, 2s.) Mr. Keary is a brother of Miss Keary who writes such clever stories of Irish life. He belongs to what is called the Saturday and Pollock set, that company of brilliant and smart but exclusive journalists who run the *Saturday Review*. Arthur Norris, the hero, is a blasé young man from Bohemia who partly falls in love with a sweet young girl, his cousin, and marries her; but I must not tell the story, only ask you to read, and you will be impressed, as I have been.

Sir Walter Scott.

If I were asked my favourite hero in English—I beg pardon, in British—literature, I should undoubtedly name Sir Walter Scott. I can read his novels—as you can, dear reader—again and again, and I am spared the eternal moralisings or the morbid dissection which our modern fiction-makers delight in. I can read his poetry, and, while I acknowledge that it is not equal to Wordsworth and to Shelley, yet it makes me feel young again, makes me recall the days when, as John Stirling says, I bravely shouted with Fitzjames—

> Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I!

while ready to fly at the sight of a casually approaching cow; and, lastly, I can read his biography in the ten pleasant volumes in which Lockhart originally furnished it, with all its stores of information, of literary anecdote, and its picture of genuine healthy manliness. Lockhart's Life, however, long as it was, was not complete. There came into his hands a diary which his father-in-law (Sir Walter) had written during the last five or six years of his life. From this diary he only made extracts, because he thought that the complete book would give pain to many people who were mentioned therein. He need not have feared, for, apart from calling one man a "bore," another a "mummy," and saying that one married couple were in the habit of quarrelling, there is not an unkind word in the whole diary. For this diary has now—sixty years after it was written—been given to the world. "The Journal of Sir Walter Scott" (2 vols., 32s., David Douglas: Edinburgh) is a reflection of Scott's inmost thoughts. It shows us the man in prosperity and in adversity, now delightfully humorous and happy with his little grandson, now saddened by the

Financial Troubles

which came upon his later years. One of the differences contained in the Lockhart biography and in the actual journal relates to the Queen. Scott wrote, in 1828: "I was presented to the little Princess Victoria—I hope they will change her name—the heir apparent. This little lady is educated with much care, and watched so closely by the Duchess and the principal governess that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, 'You are heir of England.' I suspect, if we could dissect the little head, we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter. She is fair, like the Royal Family, *but does not look as if she would be pretty.*" Lockhart had omitted the lines italicised. There are many good anecdotes about Byron, Moore, and other contemporaries in the volume, but its chief charm is the revelation of simple goodness which it unfolds. Scott was never despicable or mean. His sense of kingship led him to give too much admiration to the least reputable of English monarchs, and his feudal ideals led to the erection of that stately Abbotsford of his which helped in his financial ruin. But what is all this comparable with his position as a loving father and a faithful friend? Let no one fail to read this and the other works of Scott, for to read them is a bracing and helpful experience. TATLER.

WINDFALLS FROM THE CAPE.

(To the Editor of "The Penny Illustrated Paper.")

SIR,—Comparatively few people would think of consulting the pages of the Cape Government *Gazette* for news of missing relatives or unclaimed funds. Still, it is a fact that very valuable information may be gleaned therefrom. I therefore venture to send you a note of some of the larger "windfalls" which have recently been notified as due to the following persons, or their "unknown heirs":—

John Renny	...	£3397	John S. Parlby	...	£991
Henry Buckton	...	436	Robert Waters	...	221
William Knowles	...	216	William S. Scott	...	667
George Gibbons	...	153	William James	...	219
William Anderson	...	110	Mary A. Grant (or		
John Reed, or Reid	...	371	Clarke)	...	383
James Brown	...	110	George Stewart	...	322
Charles Goodwin	...	121	Fanny J. Hayman	...	711
Edward Turner	...	205	Charles Kirby	...	263
William Travers	...	350	Ernest A. Lehman	...	1091
Elizabeth G. Mackay	...	263	Ellen Copland	...	226
Elgood Family	...	251	Margaret O'Flynn	...	212
Sarah and Thos. Wells		502			

The total amount wanting owners is about £35,000, but as the lists are not alphabetically arranged, and only a portion thereof published in one London newspaper, it seems as if these "windfalls" will remain unclaimed. I would, therefore, suggest that future lists should be published in several leading newspapers, alphabetically, stating the addresses, descriptions, and dates of deaths of the intestates. If this were done, no doubt many persons would be the richer.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

SIDNEY H. PRESTON

(Proprietor of "Chambers's Index to Next-of-Kin"). 1, Great College-st., Westminster, S.W.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN ST. GILES'S.

(To the Editor of "The Penny Illustrated Paper.")

DEAR SIR,—It has for more than thirty years been my custom at this time to appeal to the readers of the newspapers on behalf of the poor in St. Giles's. As is generally known, this district is always in a chronic state of poverty, but in the winter months, when work is so scarce, the distress among the honest, industrious, but unskilled working classes is appalling, and can only be realised by those who are constantly visiting the homes of the poor.

Christmas is a time of gladness to most of us, and I am, therefore, most anxious to shed a little brightness upon the lives of some of these poor families by providing the materials for a Christmas dinner at their own homes. Last year, through the generosity of our friends, we were enabled to enliven in this way some 300 or 400 families, well known to us as honest, deserving people, but wretchedly poor. We are anxious to do at least as much this year, and I feel sure that I have only to say this for the means to be provided, as in former years.

Donations will be most thankfully acknowledged if sent to our treasurer, Mr. F. A. Bevan, 54, Lombard-street, E.C.; or to

Yours sincerely, GEO. HATTON

(Superintendent, St. Giles's Christian Mission, 4, Ampton-street, Regent-square, W.C.)

P.S.—Gifts of old clothes, blankets, boots, or shoes are also most acceptable, and should be sent to me at 4, Ampton-street, Regent-square, W.C.

AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.



Voice (from inside the safe): "Don't use powder, boys! I might get hurt."
Gloozey, the Nipper: "Who are you?"
Voice: "The assistant cashier. The door snapped to on me about ten minutes ago."

GARDENING FOR DECEMBER.

BY THE "P.I.P." SPECIAL GARDENER.

GARDENING in December has anything but an attractive sound, and, in truth, plodding about outside in such weather as we are having just now is—well, not *quite* as pleasant as one could wish.

In the Flower Garden

all planting operations—whether of trees, shrubs, roses, bulbs, or herbaceous plants—should have been finished by this time, and the beds and borders just lightly pricked up with a fork, taking care not to go too deep, and working very carefully among choice plants or shrubs. Anything of at all a tender or delicate nature, such as salvias, pentstemons, and fuchsias, should have had a spadeful of dry ashes or cocoanut fibre refuse placed over each to protect the crowns at once from frost and wet. In light warm soils even dahlias and tuberous begonias, if protected in this way, will be tolerably safe in the open ground throughout all the more southern parts of the country. Some gardeners have a habit of

Covering the Roots

of newly planted roses, shrubs, fruit-trees, &c., with manure from the stable, in the autumn. Now, though allowable where the soil is of a light and porous nature, I believe that this does as much harm as good in the case of stiff, cold, or clayey ground, rendering the soil beneath sour and unwholesome. If anything of the kind is really required, which, except in very cold or exposed places, I am not disposed to admit, let it be some light, dry, sweet material, such as dry fern (bracken) or cocoanut fibre. The advantage of having plenty of nice

Evergreens

planted about the garden will now be recognised. I do not like too much ivy—it is so gloomy—and if coniferous plants—particularly such as the different varieties of the cypress and thujas—are at all too freely planted, the effect becomes quite funereal. But there are hosts of other things to choose from, and a really wonderful variety in both colour and form. One of the very best of coniferous evergreens for a cold clay soil is the Norway spruce (Abies excelsa): it is quite surprising how this shapely tree thrives in almost pure clay, and rhododendrons of the ordinary kinds I also find to flourish in even a stiff clayey loam—they will, indeed, do well with a little care in any kind of soil except a chalky one.

Berry-Bearing Shrubs

are valuable now, too. Some of the best are the holly, Aucubas, both the variegated and the less common green variety, Cotoneasters, microphylla and Simondsi, Skimmias, Daphne mezereum, the beautiful and variously coloured varieties of Pernettya mucronata, the fiery-thorn (Crataegus Pyracantha), and such roses or briers as R. rugosa, R. pomifera, and the common wild or dog-rose (R. canina).

The Greenhouse or Conservatory

is now a welcome and pleasant resort when the cut-door garden cannot be enjoyed. Here the principal display of chrysanthemums will be getting over, but late varieties are just opening, and will be found very useful towards Christmas-time. A few of the best for late flowering are Princess Teck (white, slightly tinted), Mrs. N. Davis (golden), Ethel, Fair Maid of Guernsey, and Mrs. C. Carey (white), Ceres (blush), Fulton (bronze yellow), Snowdrop (white pompon), and Virginale (white anemone-flowered). Salvias also make a nice display at this season, when well grown: ericas (heaths) and the much hardier if somewhat less graceful epacris are just expanding their first blossoms, and camellias and correas are now beginning to flower. Camellias, by the way, ought to have some weak soot-water or other liquid manure now and then as soon as the buds begin to swell up for flowering, but keep the plants cool: they cannot endure forcing.

Bouvardias

are really grand just now—the snow-white Vreelandi, the brilliant scarlet President Cleveland, the rosy Priory Beauty, and many others—but these require rather more warmth than the greenhouse affords, and the hothouse or stove is also gay with the scarlet-flowered Euphorbia jacquinæflora, gorgeous poinsettias, and others.

Fruit-Garden.

But little can be done here, now that the planting is finished, except pruning; but this is most important work, and must neither be neglected nor hurried over. I usually begin with the apples and pears, following with plums and cherries—though the less pruning these have at any time the better—and finishing off with apricots and peaches, and the "bush fruits," in the early spring. Pruning is a subject upon which few hard-and-fast rules can be laid down—almost everything depends upon the variety in hand, the nature of the soil, the state of the roots, and a dozen other circumstances. Generally speaking, however, one may cut out all dead, diseased, or weakly wood first, then remove any crowded branches that obstruct each other's light, also any gross, sappy, or over-luxuriant shoots, carefully preserving all the short-jointed, twiggy branches, that will usually be found studded with spurs and fruit-buds, and not be far out.

Grapes

will soon be in great request for dinner-parties and other Christmas festivities. The huge berried black variety known as Gros Colman is a great favourite just now, but it is a grape grown to look at and not to eat, all the same, having a thick tough skin, and watery, flavourless pulp. I would rather eat a well-grown bunch of the common Sweetwater, from a sunny wall. The golden Muscat of Alexandria is the King (or Queen) of all grapes, both in appearance and flavour; but to grow it well in this country requires a high artificial temperature. In Australia we used to grow it to perfection in the open air; but that is a very different thing. After all, the good old Black Hamburg is about the best black grape we have, all points (including quality and flavour) considered. Choice

Pears for Christmas

are also greatly appreciated. The very best that are ripe at that season are Glou Morceau, Doyenné du Comice, Beurré Rance, Knight's Monarch, Winter Nelis, and Marie Benoist.

Vegetable Garden.

The last month in the year is a comparatively leisure season in this department. Indeed, but little can be done out of doors, except such work as trenching in fairly open weather. Prepare a piece of ground, as soon as may be, for shallots and garlic, and towards the end of the month plant the bulbs—those of medium size are best—6in. apart, and 10in. or 12in. from row to row.

Seakale and Rhubarb

may now be forced in any house, pit, or shed in which the temperature of 55 deg. to 60 deg. is maintained. Choose the strongest roots, plant or pot them in light rich soil, keep moist, and cover the tops in some way to exclude light. B. C. R.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"Every cloud has a silver lining."
"Is that your experience?"
"Yes. I'm a lawyer."

SNEEZES.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I 'm going to sneeze, kind Sir," she said.
"And at whom will you sneeze, my pretty maid?"
"Atchoo! atchoo! kind Sir," she said.

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES. These famous "lozenges" are sold everywhere at 1s. 1½d. per box. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight cold," or bronchial affections cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious pulmonary and asthmatic affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government stamp around each box.—[ADVT.]

DISCOVERY OF MRS. T. J. RITSON.—Writing from 18, Kingston, he says: "Though ten days only since I commenced to wear your Electropathic belt, I consider it affords me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to its marvellous recuperative properties. After suffering for a few hours mental and bodily work has, of late, already feel myself to be a new man, enjoying health and greater elasticity of mind than I have for many a year. I am recommending your belt to all in search of health, strength, or vigour, either call at the ELECTROPATHIC AND HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, 52, Oxford-street, London, W., and receive a free personal consultation, or write for descriptive pamphlet and the book of testimonials.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

The Queen leaves Windsor for Osborne next week (says the *World's* "Atlas") either on Thursday or Friday, travelling by special train to the Clarence Yard, Gosport, and crossing thence to Trinity Pier, East Cowes, in the Royal yacht Alberta, which has just undergone an overhaul at Portsmouth. The Queen stays for about nine weeks at Osborne, and will then return to Windsor for a month before proceeding to the Continent.

I announced a fortnight ago (remarks *Truth*) that the Queen has arranged to pass a few weeks at Florence during the spring, and this news reached the daily papers through a Reuter's telegram from that city. An imaginative "London correspondent" has since contradicted my statement, alleging that the Italian Government were so dissatisfied because the Queen did not visit Rome in 1888 that she is not likely to go to Florence again. This is the very purest of fictions. I can confidently state that the Queen *is* going to Florence. All the preliminary arrangements for her sojourn at the Villa Palmieri have already been made, and it is settled that she is to arrive there on or about Friday, March 20.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Princesses Victoria and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House on Monday from Sandringham. The Prince of Wales, attended by General Sir Dighton Probyn and Major-General Ellis, visited the ninety-third annual Cattle Show of the Smithfield Club, at the Royal Agricultural Hall, and subsequently lunched with Mr. Walter Gilbey, the chairman, and the directors of the hall. After luncheon his Royal Highness presided at a meeting of the Council of the Hackney Horse Society, of which he is the President for the year. The Prince went to the Comedy in the evening with the Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Fife, to see "May and December."

Mr. Gladstone went to see Mrs. Langtry as Cleopatra, at the Princess's, last Saturday night, and received an ovation.

The veteran Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury terminated her visit on Monday to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham, and proceeded, in the afternoon, to Crichel, to join the party assembled at Lord Alington's, in Dorset, to meet their Royal Highnesses.

The Czarevitch and his party, accompanied by Riaz Pasha, arrived at Suez by train from Cairo last Monday morning. The distinguished travellers embarked immediately for Aden.

The opponents of Mr. Parnell's leadership brought the dispute to a climax at the resumed meeting of the Irish Party last Saturday. A report of the deputation embodying the result of their negotiations with Mr. Gladstone, who refused to discuss the Home Rule question in connection with the leadership of the Irish Party, was read, and pronounced by members on both sides as disappointing. After long and heated discussion, several members of the majority declared their determination to bring matters to an issue, and Mr. Abraham proposed a resolution to terminate Mr. Parnell's leadership. As Mr. Parnell declared this to be out of order, the forty-five members hostile to him walked out of the room, reassembled in another room, and passed resolutions deposing Mr. Parnell, selecting Mr. Justin McCarthy as his successor, to act with eight members, and pledging those present to remain an independent party. Meanwhile, Mr. Parnell, who retained his seat, addressed his followers, and claimed that they had won, adding that, although they had been reduced in numbers, Ireland would supply the places of those who had left his party.

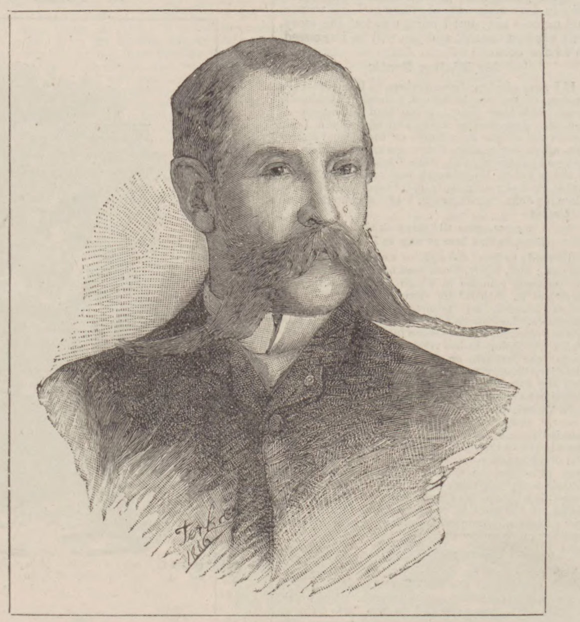
In the House of Commons, on the 4th inst., Mr. Balfour moved a vote of £5000 for expenses connected with the relief of distress in Ireland, and made a long statement in explanation of his scheme. After discussion the vote was agreed to. The Commons, in the course of Monday's sitting, read the Seed Potatoes Supply (Ireland) Bill the third time. Upon the motion for the second reading of the Land Department (Ireland) Bill, Mr. T. M. Healy moved its rejection, but was defeated by 191 votes to 129. On Tuesday both Houses adjourned until after Christmas.

Queen Emma, in the presence of all the members of the States-General of Holland, on Monday took the oath as Regent, swearing fidelity to the young Queen Wilhelmina during her minority. The Queen and Queen-mother were enthusiastically cheered on returning to the Palace.

Mr. Baron Huddleston died suddenly on Dec. 5.

The trial of Mrs. Pearcey for the murder of Mrs. Hogg and her infant daughter was concluded at the Central Criminal Court on Dec. 4. The jury, after deliberating for nearly an hour, found the prisoner guilty of murder. In reply to the usual question, she said she was innocent. Mr. Justice Denman, expressing his agreement with the verdict, passed sentence of death, holding out no hope of a reprieve.

A Paris Artist favours us with a portrait of the Russian General Seliverstoff, who was assassinated last month, it is presumed by a Nihilist, at the Hôtel de Bade, of which the *P.I.P.* gave a sketch on Nov. 29. The funeral service over the remains of the late General took place in Paris on Dec. 5, at the Russian Church in the Rue Daru, and attracted a large crowd of sightseers. The President of the Republic was represented by his Naval Aide-de-Camp, Captain Meygret, and Count d'Ormesson, Introducteur des Ambassadeurs, was officially present on behalf of the Foreign Office. The fact that military honours were paid to the deceased Russian General, although he had retired from the service over ten years ago, is not unnaturally regarded as indicating a desire on the part of the Government of the Republic to give a public and emphatic proof of its *entente cordiale* with the Russian Government. Stanislaus Padlewski, valet to General Seliverstoff, is being inquired after by the Scotland-yard Police in connection with the murder. Two days after the assassination the valet left Paris, and is believed to have reached London by way of Ostend. It is thought probable that he has shaved off his moustache and is letting his whiskers grow. A very strict surveillance is being kept by the police on all quarters in London which are frequented by Russians. Any information is to be given to the authorities at Scotland-yard.



THE RUSSIAN GENERAL SELIVERSTOFF, ASSASSINATED IN PARIS.



SHOOLBRED'S ATHLETIC CLUBS.

Like most great firms which have the welfare of their men at heart, Messrs. Schoolbred, of Tottenham-court-road, encourage athletic exercises among their numerous employés. Hence the laudable *esprit de corps* existing at the large establishment—a congeries of "Stores," known as Tottenham House—an *esprit de corps* which gave a notable interest to the Clubs' annual dinner at the Holborn Restaurant. It took place on Saturday night last, and was attended by a *P.I.P.* Artist Mr. J. Grieves presided, and had a gratifying story to tell of the successes of the various athletic clubs—football, swimming, pedestrianism, cycling, cricket, lawn-tennis, rowing, &c. The speeches of Mr. D E. Owen and Mr. Davis, and the happy references to Shoolbred's champions, were duly cheered. A most enjoyable evening was spent, Mr. A. E. Kent winding up the speech-making by thanking the genial company for toasting "The Press." It should be added that the Tottenham House Cricket Club won the West-End Cricket Association Challenge Cup for the third time; and that Tottenham House furnishes the whole of L Company, Q.W.R. Volunteers, and consists of ninety members, four of whom are included in the twelve best shots of one of the shooting regiments in the Volunteer Force.

THE RACING WORLD

Once again are managers of courses, trainers, and others interested in winter racing in sore trepidation. From day to day they cannot guess whether they will be allowed to get through with undertakings or be shunted into enforced and extremely expensive idleness. If

Jack Frost

and his ally fog will permit us to do a little more steeplechasing and hurdle-racing before Christmas, we will not be ungrateful. But John F. has already not only put his veto on meetings organised for National Hunt purposes, but stopped training operations. That is where a check so early in the run of the jumping season is so peculiarly hard. Lots and lots of trainers are not half ready for business with the best of their jumpers yet, but they are on the *qui vive*, and most anxious to bring said high-flyers as far forward in condition as may be. At the opening fixtures of the season they want the minor lights to tell them about other trainers' lots, but, all the same, are keen on getting the reserve forces ripe for action.

Just when they thought they were all safe, frost intervened, and, come frost or thaw, for the next fortnight or so we shall not get at the true form of the majority of steeplechasers and hurdle-toppers on this side of the New Year at any rate.

While Trainers

anxious about steeplechasers were put out of concert by the frost and snow, they found some sort of solace in the hope that the bad times now passing meant better weather presently, when the yearlings and horses of more mature age in hand for early Jockey Club business might be pushed along. It is a great blessing for a stable to have an open winter after December. So long as you are able to keep the strings moving on fairly soft going, you can so soon put those selected for early stakes into racing trim. Strange as it may seem, the

Greatest Friend a Trainer Can Have

in a hard winter is snow, and plenty of it. Of course, no one in his right senses would think of cantering or galloping thoroughbreds unless he was quite certain as to the character of the snow-laden ground. But when you know what sort of going underlies the fleecy coat, you can desire no better track for exercise. Of late, when years have been ushered in by spells of hard weather, Northern stables have frequently almost monopolised prizes at early meetings. That this should be so astonished most people who were not aware that horses can safely gallop or canter in snow, while they could hardly be trusted to walk on stone-frozen turf. Effect set trainers seeking about for cause. But it did not dawn all at once on them that, in proportion to the extra severity of weather in North to South, the former was really favoured. Last week I was on some of the

Best Training Grounds in Sussex—

viz., Lewes, Jevington, and Findon. Not a horse did I see out of his stable except for exercise on the straw beds. Yet, while racehorse-trainers at the Sussex quarters named kept their charges at home, I came across a team of half a dozen hunters being exercised knee-deep in a high-banked lane, where the snow lay. They had a clear run of half a mile, and found all the work they needed free from chance of concussion.

Croydon's

fixtures, all told, did not fetch £800, a sum towards which hay in stock contributed some three fourths. Its racing filtered out very mildly, without special demonstration or accident to mark the occasion. Only by chance did the wind-up miss being associated with sensational proceedings. Someone in the know let out a word or two concerning a little plan concocted by "the boys." According to arrangement, a strong body of them were to have occupied the up-platform at Woodside Station, while a few choice spirits were left to create a diversion with the handful of policemen on duty at the entrance gates. If all had gone well with the brigands, they would probably have netted some hundreds, if not thousands, of pounds. But the weak point discovered itself in members of the fraternity who, not content with knowing what a fine harvest was in store, must need brag about the pickings they meant getting. They talked until the police got wind of the enterprise, and so did the potential victims. Accordingly, when racing was over, the majority of the people worth sticking up made their way towards East Croydon Station instead of the Woodside, while the would-be operators found to their disgust that an extra force was turned on at the South-Eastern station for their benefit.

Should Charles Wood

ever be fortunate enough to regain his Jockey Club license, he will not need to waste much to get to his old weight. He is not one of the sort who puts on flesh fast when out of training, and has gone up but very little since he first experienced rustication's disabilities. He always was a keen rider to hounds, and possibly hunting keeps him in trim. Be the cause what it may, I can assure Charley Wood's faithful admirers—and they are many—that he is at present as hard as nails, fit as a fiddle, tough as pinwire, or whatever simile best suits them. The little man never looked better than he did this week at Brighton.

Judging by what has been said of late by Sir George Chetwynd and others, there may be a sort of

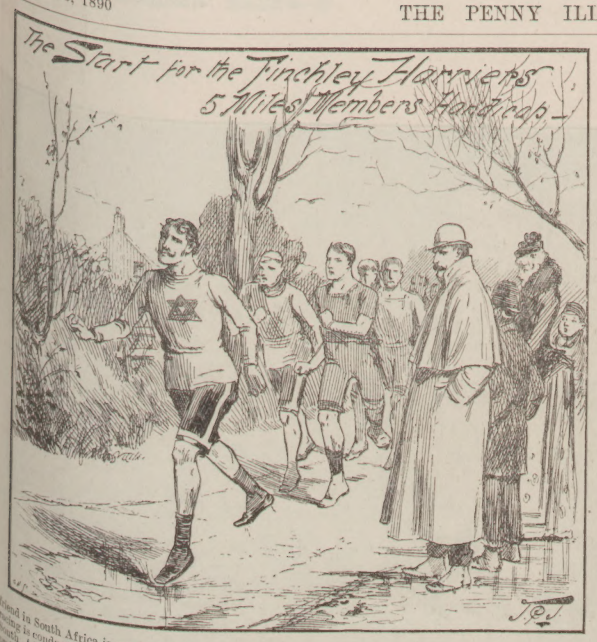
Dearth of Riders

about Wood's old weight when next season's list of licenses appears. The Jockey Club Stewards are believed to be very much dissatisfied with some of the 1890 form, and are determined to get to the bottom of the in-and-out performances if they can. That this is so is matter of common rumour and general belief. The stock difficulty, however, stands in the way—namely, that the only people in position to give information worth following must be in with the mob who do the queer things, or they could not know about them. Therefore they are little likely to tell the truth even under pressure, because they cannot "open" without incriminating themselves.

From Buenos Ayres

I keep receiving correspondence most uncomplimentary to the powers that be out there. Per contra, a

"Any Doctor Will Tell You" there is no better Cough Medicine than Keating's Lozenges. One gives relief; if you suffer from cough try them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your health; they contain only the purest and simplest drugs, skilfully combined. Sold everywhere in 13½d. Tins.—[Advt.]



friend in South Africa is much pleased with the way racing is conducted in that quarter of the globe. My South African chronicler is very warm indeed in praise of Earl Godwin, a little gee for whom I confess warm admiration when he was in this country. I saw the Earl win a race up the Cambridge Hill in rare form as a two-year-old. He was such a game, sturdy little fellow. It was almost a pity he was expatriated so soon, for he certainly would have made his mark in the old country in long-distance races.

Not often does an owner find such bad luck as Mr. Leon at Sandown. On consecutive days his horses and Master of the Min s ell, and sustained such injuries that they were put out of misery at the earliest opportunity. In the case of Master of the Min the poor beast is hobbled a quarter of a mile with the bones protruding from one leg.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Lord Chatham, who usually walked over for a steeplechase at Esher, is a wonderful jumper. What a pity he should be under a cloud of unsoundness!

A feature of the season, so far as it has gone, is the excellent form shown by Mr. Singer's horses. They seem to be so very fit. As a rule, his gees either win or get very near to winning, and almost invariably make running from end to end. Can it be possible that Mr. Singer has them run to the clock, as Australians and Americans say?

No one seems to believe the yarn that her Majesty has been offered an enormous sum for Tristan. The French stallion is, no doubt, worth all said to be offered, but the story reads most wildly improbable.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

We are now rapidly approaching the

Christmas Interregnum

from participation in sport. The Universities will shortly be "down," and their football players—members of Rugby and Association alike—will be dispersed all over the country, getting rapidly out of condition in their pursuit of Christmas festivity.

The Finchley Harriers

run round as they started for their members' steeplechase at Neasden last Saturday. Distance was five miles. Harry Looman handicapped them very well, for the first twelve men finished within 40 sec.: J. W. Cole, 4 min. 40 sec. start (handicap time, 29 min. 20 sec.; net time, 34 min. 20 sec.), first; O. B. Thomas, 1 min. 40 sec. (29 min. 20 sec.), second; A. L. Hoskins, 3 min. 20 sec. (29 min. 50 sec.), third; W. Drown, 5 min. (29 min. 52 sec.; 34 min. 52 sec.), fourth.

The now very lengthy and none too interesting

Qualifying Competition

in the Football Cup has at last come to an end, except in the cases of one drawn match, and among the clubs which have won the right to play in the competition proper are Halliwell, Lincoln City, Sheffield United, Kidderminster, Middlesbrough Ironopolis, Long Eaton Rangers, 93rd Highlanders, Crusaders, Old Westminsters, &c. The position of the 93rd Highlanders is very satisfactory.

The League Football Match

between Everton and the Wolverhampton Wanderers naturally drew an immense crowd to Wolverhampton, and the match was intensely exciting all through, Everton winning by one goal to none. This success will put Everton by far the best average of goals won and lost to 1, Blackburn Rovers beat Aston Villa by 2 goals to 1, Notts County beating Preston North End 3 goals to 1. Burnley just beat West Bromwich Albion by 5 to 4.

In the South two very interesting

Rugby

matches were played. At Blackheath, the home club beat the Old Leysians by 2 goals and a try to a try, and the London Scottish beat Richmond by a goal and a try to nothing.

Hockey.

The once invincible Molesey club has again been beaten, this time by Wimbledon, who won by 3 goals to 2.

J. Nuttall

has again shown himself the fastest swimmer we have yet had. Swimming in the Beckwith tournament at the Aquarium, he covered half a mile in 12 min. 3½ sec., and it was clear that he could have done much better than this had he been pressed. Swimming from scratch and giving starts up to two minutes, he won each of his seven heats, and so won first prize. J. F. Standring, who not long ago turned professional, was beaten only by Nuttall, and was second. It was in his race with Standring that Nuttall made the record. He was giving his opponent 55 sec. start, and caught him long before 600 yards had been covered.

Billiards.

Reference, however brief, must be made to a big break by Roberts of 574, of course spot-barred. Roberts issues a challenge to give anyone half the game—i.e., 12,000 points start in 24,000, spot-barred. The others seem to know better than to take it up.

W. J. Peall,

the manipulator of the marvellous break at the Aquarium, is to be congratulated upon the comfort of his handsome new billiard-room at Thurston's (opposite the Gaiety Restaurant in Catherine-street). It is at once a most cosy and elegant room for exhibition matches, and will, no doubt, witness some marvellous play during the winter on the part of this wonderfully good player. Peall opened the new room with a spirited match with North; and on Monday he began a series of spot-barred matches of 3000 up with H. M'Neil, Scottish champion. On Wednesdays ladies delighting in billiards can view the play, and gentlemen will not be allowed to smoke.

"Honest" John Phelps,

who has umpired more university boat-races than any other person is ever likely to, died on Saturday last, at the age of eighty-six. He belonged to a family of watermen, and when he was eighty-five years of age expressed a wish to scull anyone ten years younger between Putney and Hammersmith. But no youngster of seventy-five could be found.

BANSHEE.

SANDOW.

APROPOS of the weight-lifting match between that extremely muscular German athlete Sandow and the Brothers McCann ("Samson" and "Hercules") at the Royal Music Hall, we reproduce a characteristic photograph Sandow has favoured us with. It is one of the series taken by the London Stereoscopic Company—a series comprising some nude studies of high value, inasmuch as they clearly demonstrate to what a pitch of muscular perfection the human frame can be brought by systematic development.

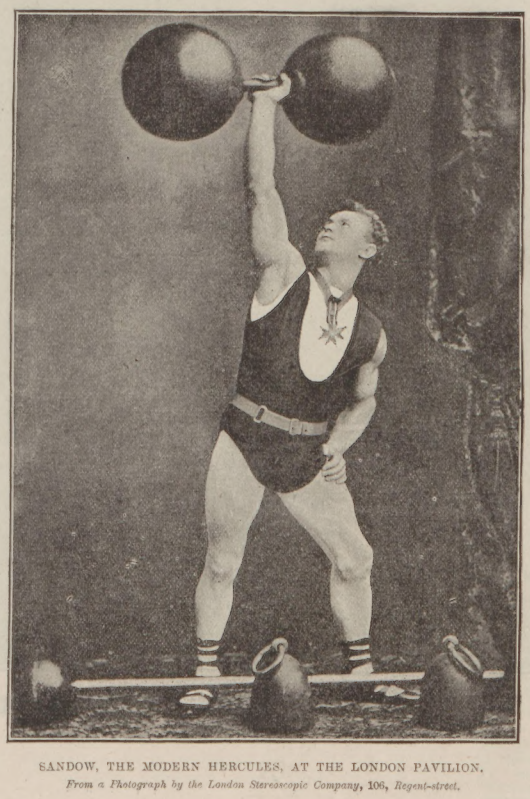
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Sandow, who is on the eve of terminating a successful engagement with his pupil Loris at the London Pavilion, is a perfect marvel at weight-lifting: and he performs his astounding feats of strength with such ease and grace as to fully merit the title of the "Modern Hercules." Sandow is a fair young German, modest in demeanour, which cannot be said of all his professional fraternity. Born at Königsberg (where King William I. of Germany was crowned), Sandow is a good-looking curly-headed blonde Teuton. He has from his youth shown considerable strength. He was at school foremost in athletic exercises. He commenced regular training at the age of nineteen, after going through one course in anatomy at Brussels. His overthrow of the Strong Man at the Westminster Aquarium, and his ensuing engagements at the Alhambra, and now at the London Pavilion, have made Sandow's name familiar in our mouths as "household words."

* * * * *

Watch Sandow as he with wondrous skill and strength lifts with his right hand first a heavy weight of 150 lb., and then of *312 lb.* (a bar with iron balls at each end, as in the photograph); note his similar dexterity on the Roman Column; and see him sustain on a board placed across his knees and chest a total weight of 2400 lb., including Loris; and admit that Sandow is one of the wonders of the world!

It may be of interest to state Sandow's measurements: neck, 18 in.; biceps, 18¼ in. to 19 in.; chest, 43 in. normal, inflated lungs, 48 in.; fore-arm, 16½ in.; waist, 34 in.; legs, 25½ in.; calves, 17 in.



SANDOW, THE MODERN HERCULES, AT THE LONDON PAVILION.
From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, 106, Regent-street.

BARKER'S GREY HAIR.—LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large size, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

SKIN DISEASES.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away Eczema, Scurf, Humours, Pimples, Blotches, Redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[ADVT.]

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CEYLON	That Sold in
CEYLON	Fancy Packets,
CEYLON	With Fancy Names,
CEYLON	At Nearly Double
CEYLON	The Price.
CEYLON	1-lb. Sample (Including Wraps).
CEYLON	Free by Post
CEYLON	For 1s. 9d.; 2½ lbs. nett 4s. 3d.
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A LUXURY	Unknown
A LUXURY	In England.
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A LUXURY	As Used in
A LUXURY	Paris in its
A LUXURY	Highest Perfection
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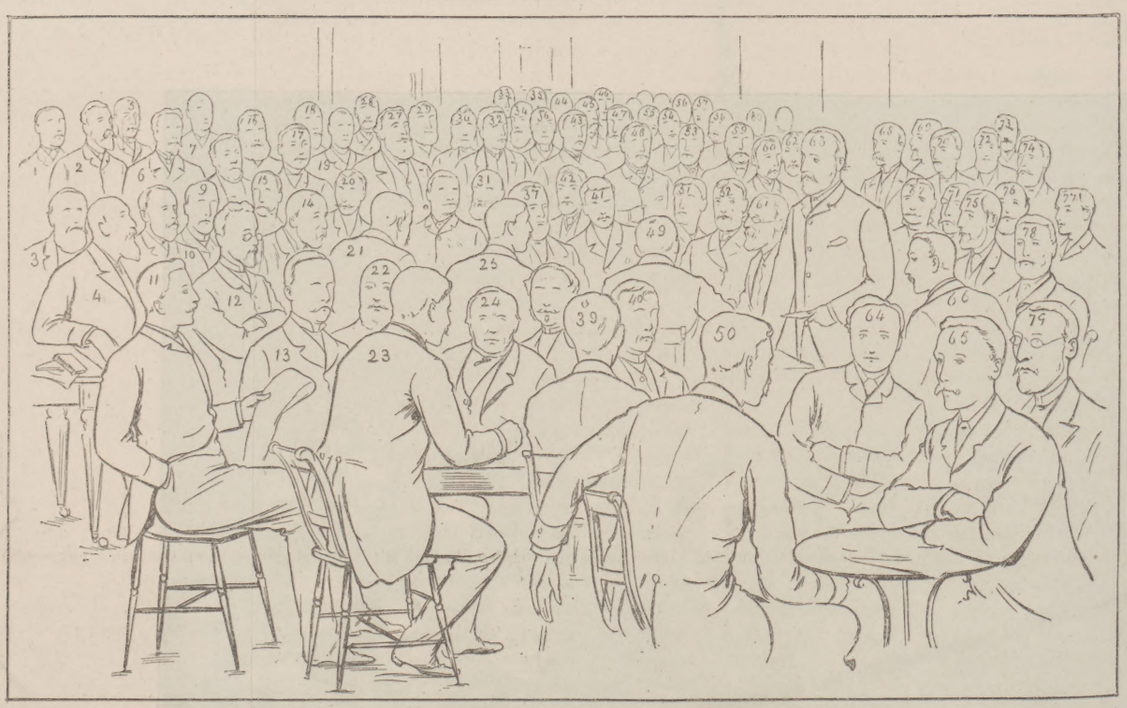
THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY AS ORGANISED IN 1886 BY MR. PARNELL: NOW SPLIT IN TWAIN.

SEE KEY-BLOCK, NEXT PAGE.



THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY AS ORGANISED IN 1886 BY MR. PARNELL: NOW SPLIT IN TWAIN.

SEE KEY-BLOCK, NEXT PAGE.



1. J. Stack (North Kerry).
2. W. M. Murphy (St. Patrick's, Dublin City).
3. Dr. J. E. Kenny (Cork County, South).
4. Jeremiah Jordan (West Clare).
5. J. R. Cox (East Clare).
6. E. Dwyer Gray (Dublin City, Harbour).
7. Bernard Kelly (South Donegal).
8. W. J. Lane (Cork County, East).
9. P. J. O'Brien (North Tipperary).
10. P. A. Chance (South Kilkenny).
11. Timothy M. Healy (North Monaghan).
12. J. M. Smithwick (Kilkenny City).
13. W. J. Corbet (East Wicklow).
14. P. J. Power (East Waterford).
15. I P. Hayden (South Leitrim).
16. I
17. Maurice Healy (Cork City).
18. Sir J. W. M'Kenna (South Monaghan).
19. A. Blane (South Armagh).
20. J. C. Flynn (Cork County, North).
21. T. P. Gill (South Louth).
22. J. Barry (South Wexford).
23. T. J. Condon (East Tipperary).
24. Joseph Biggar (West Cavan).
25. E. Sheil (South Meath).
27. W. Abraham (West Limerick).
28. Joseph Nolan (North Louth).
29. L. Connolly (South Longford).
30. Matthew Harris (East Galway).
31. Dr. Andrew Commins (South Roscommon).
32. D. Crilly (South Mayo).
33. P. Sheehan (East Kerry).
34. J. F. O'Brien (South Mayo).
35. E. M. Marum (North Kilkenny).
36. J. Leahy (South Kildare).
37. Garrett Byrne (West Wicklow).
39. Edward Harrington (West Kerry).
40. M. J. Kenny (Mid Tyrone).
41. T. P. O'Connor (Li[illegible]rp-ol, Scotland Ward).
42. M. Conway (North [illegible]strim).
43. T. M. Carew (Nort[illegible]ildare).
44. J. F. Small (South [illegible]wnshire).
45. Bernard Molloy (King's County, Birr).
46. Dr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty (North Meath).
48. J. J. Clancy (Dublin County, North).
49. Arthur O'Connor (East Donegal).
50. Donal Sullivan (South Westmeath).
51. Justin Huntly McCarthy (Newry).
52. Thomas Sexton (South Sligo).
53. James Tuite (North Westmeath).
54. Dr. J. Fox (King's County, Tullamore).
55. James E. O'Doherty (N. Donegal).
56. John Finucane (East Limerick).
57. H. J. Gill (Limerick City).
58. Major J. F. Nolan (North Galway).
59. Patrick O'Hea (West Donegal).
60. W. J. Reynolds (East Tyrone).
61. Justin McCarthy (North Longford).
62. John Deasy (West Mayo).
63. Charles Stewart Parnell (Cork City).
64. W. Redmond (North Fermanagh).
65. T. Harrington (St. Stephen's Green, Dublin).
66. H. Campbell (South Fermanagh).
67. J. J. O'Kelly (North Roscommon).
68. P. J. Foley (Galway, Connemara).
69. Jasper D. Pyne (West Waterford).
70. Sir T. G. Esmonde, Bart. (Dublin County, South).
71. David Sheehy (South Galway).
72. T. Mayne (Mid Tipperary).
73. John O'Connor (South Kerry).
74. Peter M'Donald (North Sligo).
75. John Dillon (East Mayo).
76. Richard Power (Waterford City).
77. J. E. Redmond (North Wexford).
78. Timothy Daniel Sullivan (Dublin City, College-green, Lord Mayor).
79. W. O'Brien (South Tyrone).

KEY TO THE PICTURE OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY, 1886.



The Theatre Hood and Party Cape,

reproduced from the *Lady's Pictorial*, should be found very serviceable in the coming season of Christmas pantomimes and Christmas parties. When neuralgia is rampant—and I know of few more excruciatingly painful maladies than neuralgia—no wrap is more seasonable than the cosy hood designed. It may be bought for four shillings from Messrs. D. Nicholson and Co., St. Paul's Churchyard, in all the prettiest shades for evening wear, such as cream, cardinal, pale pink, and turquoise blue. An acceptable Christmas present! At the same establishment (the windows of which are captivatingly dressed



SNUG HOOD FOR WINTER.

this December) may be obtained the piquant cape delineated. This is made of cloth, with pinked-out edges, and may be had in all colours. It will be found both warm and smart for party-going, or for the theatre—that is, where the draught is not *too* Siberian, as it is at some play-houses I could name.

Have you ever heard of the

Needlework Guild?

It is one of the most useful of our many useful institutions. I was very much interested to hear that the London branch of this guild sent in for distribution this year no less than 35,000 garments. Among them there were 7000 warm petticoats for girls and women, baby clothes enough to make an enormous pile, socks and stockings sufficient to fill several large clothes-baskets, a fair proportion of coats, trousers, and flannel shirts for men, and not a few complete outfits for

Young Servants

who were about to leave home for the first time. Neither were the "maternity bags," so much prized by district visitors and parish nurses, forgotten. The "groups," as they are called, of the London branch are now eighty-seven in number, and great efforts are being made to get them up to a hundred.

During the past year there were 170 grants made to clergy of all denominations, as well as to hospitals, homes, and charities; but many really pressing applications for help had to be refused.

The Hon. Mrs. Halford,

50, Prince's-gate, who is hon. sec. for the London District, will be very glad to hear from ladies who think they could form a "group", or simply join the "guild" as associates. From the latter nothing is claimed but the undertaking to supply two useful garments every year.

Lady Wolverton,

who wrote lately in a contemporary about the "Needlework Guild," said as follows: "Of course, we often meet with the excuse, 'I am so busy. I have not a spare moment to give to anything more.' If this is literally true, there is nothing more to be said, but do you really never waste even five minutes in the course of the day, or do you call that nothing? To us it is a great deal. It is half an hour a week, or twenty-six hours a year, and in that time a good deal may be done—certainly all that the Guild requires of an Associate." In fact, the very existence of this admirable work depends upon what someone has roughly called the "orts and offals of time", the minutes we spend waiting for the ringing of the breakfast or dinner bell might be given to the making-up of one of these useful garments. It is positively astounding, did we but think about it, the amount of time wasted, especially by women, in wishing they had something to do.

I am sorry to hear from a friend that

The Shetland Knitters

are at present in rather a poor condition. If any of you have ever worn one of the Shetland jackets or Spencers knitted by these poor women you must have found out for yourselves how very warm and comfortable they are. One that is not too thick, with long sleeves worn under the corset, instead of a clumsy flannel bodice over, is delightful. It clings closely to the figure, and is, of course, much warmer than any made of cotton, or even of flannel. If any of you would like to get

Shetland Goods

direct from the maker, write to Mrs. Schvor, Market-street, Lerwick, Shetland, and she will forward parcels of articles on approval at very moderate prices.

Now I must try and find a nice

Useful Receipt or Two.

Here is one for hashed beef with tomato sauce, which may be called seasonable. Cold roast beef is very nice in summer, but, just now, it is



PRETTY WRAP FOR PARTY OR THEATRE.

rather chilly fare; and, as roast beef is the favourite dish for the early dinner on Sunday, you might try the following for dinner on Monday. Make your tomato sauce (I am indebted to Mrs. De Salis for this receipt) by removing the pips from each tomato as well as the watery substance, put them into a saucepan, with some butter, a little pepper, salt, a bay leaf, and a few spoonfuls of either stock or gravy. Keep stirring this mixture over the fire until it is reduced to a pulp. It should then be passed through a sieve and allowed to get cold. Cut your roast beef—it will make a nicer hash if it is a little under-done—into thin slices, trim them as nearly as possible to the same size, lay them in a saucepan, sprinkle a little pepper and salt over them, and then pour on the cold sauce. Put the saucepan over a gentle fire, and let the contents become slowly hot. Then serve, garnished in the usual way with fried sippets round the dish. I say fried, because, in general, sippets are little pieces of soft and sodden toast.

Here is a nice

Little Supper Dish

called "Granada Toast." Cut some fat and lean bacon into dice, give them a few turns over the fire with a little parsley, a few very young onions when in season, and, if the flavour is liked, pepper and a tiny pinch of salt; add the beaten yolks of two eggs, stir all well together, spread upon slices of nicely fried toast, and serve hot.

Girls' Friendly Society.

My Editor, in giving the verdict against the Frenchwoman convicted of the infamous crime of endeavouring to corrupt a young English girl in Paris, made a seasonable and serviceable recommendation. I am happy to publish the response his remarks have elicited:—

Dear Madam,—In the *P.I.P.*, Dec. 6, p. 358, is a paragraph referring to the decoying of a young girl to Paris for immoral purposes, and beginning, "Benevolent ladies should start an agency for governesses and young girls generally." This has been done for years past through a great many societies and agencies. To name only one—the Girls' Friendly Society has eighteen registries in London alone, of which several are especially intended for young women in professions and business. At 9, Fisher-street, Red Lion-square; at 146, Warwick-street, Ecclestone-square, and others, not only the members of the Girls' Friendly Society but any respectable girls can apply for situations of every kind, secure that none but respectable places will be offered them. They can also make inquiry as to the character of any situation they may have in view.

The G.F.S. has also a complete agency, by which the respectability and bona fides of any situation on the Continent can be ascertained, and any young woman with a satisfactory reference may be sure of getting kind interest and advice. This society, among numerous other cases, lately succeeded in rescuing a young governess from a most dangerous situation in Russia. The secretary for the Continent is Miss Stevenson, 73, Coutfield-gardens, London, S.W.

The Rouiller case shows both the terrible danger girls run in taking situations they know nothing about and the frightful carelessness with which they trust themselves to the care of complete strangers.

I am, Madam, faithfully yours,

E. G. MARGUERITE.

The Auxophone.—The Deaf may Hear.—The Auxophone is a new scientific invention of an invisible apparatus to be worn in the ear. It is easily inserted or withdrawn by anyone, and will almost invariably restore hearing to any one not stone deaf. It can be tested, absolutely free of cost, at the Auxophone Co.'s Rooms, 38, Baker-street, London. Pamphlet sent free and post paid.—[Advt.]

NOBODY WANTS THAT GOLD RING.

For nearly one hundred years a certain family of working people living in Paris have ended their lives by suicide. From father to son, from mother to daughter, has descended a plain gold ring, and on the finger of every one of these suicides, as they lay in death, this ring has been found. Only last year the body of a young man who had killed himself was brought to the Morgue, and on his finger was the fatal golden circlet. He was the last of his race. This ring was buried with the corpse, from which no one acquainted with its history will have the courage to remove it.

The mental taint in this family came from some remote ancestor, and was intensified by their recognition of it until it became a controlling force; and the ring was accepted as imposing upon its possessor the obligation to commit suicide, after the example of the person who last wore it. This form of mania usually originates in a disorder of the nervous system, which in its turn arises from anæmia, or poverty of the blood, one of the results of imperfect nutrition.

A recent letter, from a gentleman living in Norfolk, contains the following assertion: "*I longed for death; I was afraid of the night; I was afraid to be alone, yet I hated society. I was afraid that in some one of those hours of deep gloom and depression I should lift my hand against my own life, for I knew that many had done so from the same cause.*" The dark hours became a time of terror to him, so he says. He tossed and tumbled on his bed, wondering if morning would ever dawn again. In this case it was not an accusing conscience, as he had committed no offence; the cause was purely a physical one—yet all too common in England — indigestion and dyspepsia, with the long chain of consequences dragging after it, nervous collapse among them.

He relates that his skin and eyes had been more or less discoloured for years, often of a ghastly and repulsive yellow. This was due to the presence of bile in the blood and tissues, where it had no business to be. But as the weak and torpid liver could not remove it, no other result was possible than the one our friend experienced. His head frequently ached as though fiends had turned it into a workshop, and pains chased one another through his body as though he had at least half the maladies catalogued in the popular books on disease.

Yet one thing, and only one, was responsible for all the mischief—namely, the poison introduced into the blood from the decaying food in the stomach and intestines. The cold feet, the loss of appetite and ambition, the mental despondency, the sense of weariness and fatigue, the bad taste in the mouth, dry cough, giddiness, palpitation, chills, weakness, &c., are a brood of foul birds hatched in one nest, and the mother is always indigestion and dyspepsia.

Time passed somehow, as it always does, whether we laugh or cry, and this man grew heartily tired of a life thus burdened and spoiled. He longed to see the end of it, and no wonder. But the last page of his letter is pitched in a higher key. He says: "When I think of what I was, and what I am now, I can hardly realise the change. For the past six months I have been using a preparation known as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and it has actually revolutionised my whole system. One of my tenants recommended it to me, and I tried it just to please him. Now I praise it for myself, and thank the men who make and advertise it. My troubles are over, and I feel (at fifty-seven) as light, elastic, and gay as a boy on his summer vacation. I tell my doctors they are beaten at their own trade by an old German nurse, and so far as I am concerned they can't deny it. I have no more horrible thoughts of self-destruction, for I find too much enjoyment in living. My thanks are too deep for words."

The author of this letter consents to the publication of so much of it as is here printed, but declines to allow the use of his name, at least for the present, for reasons we are bound to respect. But the evident sincerity of his story will carry conviction to every candid mind.

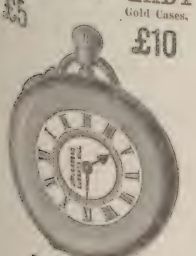
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BENSON'S LADY'S "LUDGATE" WATCH.

Silver Cases, £5 : 5 Gold Cases, £10 : 10



(Patent 4638)

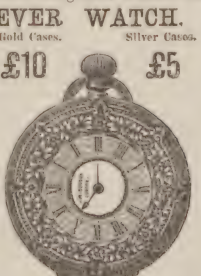
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Silver Cases, £6 : 6 Gold Cases, £11 : 11



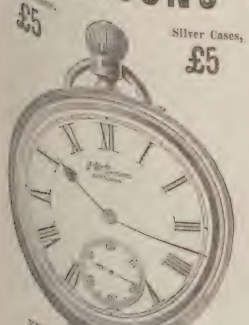
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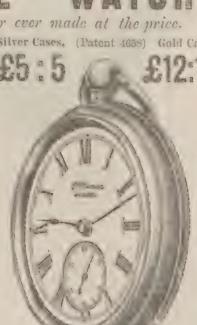
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THE SAVOY COMIC OPERA OF "THE GONDOLIERS": BIRTHDAY PERFORMANCE ON DEC. 9.

SEE "THESPIS."





CYCLING ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE *P.I.P.* CYCLISTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY KODAK VIEWS.

SPECIALLY contributed to the *Penny Illustrated Paper* by the American Touring Cyclists, MM. William L. Sachtleben and Thomas G. Allen jun., who are travelling on the Minnehaha roadsters of the Iroquois Cycle Company, and whose first letter appeared on Oct. 18.

LETTER EIGHTH: IN ITALY.

(To the Editor of "The Penny Illustrated Paper.")

VENICE, Nov. 17, 1890.

From Milan to Venice—

from the most progressive city in Italy to perhaps the least progressive—from Milan, which has the largest number of cyclists of any city in Italy, to Venice, which has practically none. What a contrast! To offset this dissimilarity, Nature has done her utmost to make the intervening country continually the same, and has succeeded well. There is little to excite the admiration of the cyclist who wheels from Milan to Venice. The road runs over the broad, fertile plains of Lombardy and Venezia, through a rich country in a good state of cultivation, but almost as

Level as a Billiard-Table.

Not an eminence mars the even surface, not a hill to obstruct the unbroken view.

Every wheelman who has made any extended tour knows how irksome riding becomes in a perfectly level country, no matter how smooth the roads. Bearing this in mind, instead of going down the valley of the Po through Lodi, Cremona, and Mantua, we steered a little northward for Brescia, to strike the southern shore of Lago di Jarda at Desenzano.

Conversation with cyclists at the hotel detained us until a late hour. It was already noon before

We left Milan.

The laws of the city compelled us to walk a mile before we were far enough distant from the centre of the city to ride our wheels. This inconvenience used to be far worse; but the Veloce Club of Milan, by combined efforts, has succeeded in mitigating it to a great extent. Permission is now granted to ride on all streets outside of the canal which surrounds the old city.

The First Ten Kilometres

we rode in the company of a member of the club—Mr. Engleman jun. The recent rains had left the roads in a terrible condition—a mixture of mud and gravel, varying from two to six inches deep. How different from the smooth, hard roads of England and France, which are as ridable in wet as in damp weather! Our progress was slow; but by picking out the best of the road, and patronising the footpaths now and then, we managed to get along. After

Lunch in Gorgonzola,

the road became much better. The scenery was the same throughout the day—a flat country, well cultivated. The dry dead leaves dropping from the trees, groves of mulberry-trees stripped of their leaves, the canals and streams running beside the road in [illegible] gave a very dreary and uninteresting look to the surroundings. Even the people we met on the road were unattractive, and in

Many Instances Impolite.

A horrible state of filth prevailed in all the small towns we passed. The road running through them gave the wheels of our bicycles a severe test each time we rode through one, slipping and knocking about over the rough, stony, dirty, black surface in [illegible]

Pat in Italy.

The common Italian, in building his air-castles, always has a stye in his eye. Pig-[illegible] a conspicuous feature in his Elysium.

The only relief to the generally uninteresting character of the country was the sight of the distant

Snow-covered Alps,

to which we continually drew nearer. It was strange to see how abruptly the mountains ceased and spread out into the level plain.

To the student of history there is much of interest in crossing this land. What a favourable country for military manœuvres! And has it not seen enough such? Of all the thousands who have fought, fallen, or triumphed on its bloody fields, the names of three men, in three distant ages born, shine out above all others.

Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon

have led their all-conquering armies in triumph over its now peaceful fields. Thousands of battles have here been hotly contested since time immemorial, until 1870, when United Italy entered on its new career of progress.

Half past five found us engaged in stowing away a bountiful supper in the

Albergo Sole, in Chiari,

forty-two miles from Milan. Even in this little Italian inn the Press had been ahead of us, for at the neighbouring tables we heard whispers over the newspapers, in which the phrase "Giro del Mondo" figured frequently.

The next morning the *facchino*, in his zeal to do us a service, volunteered to clean our bicycles for us. He had a purely original method peculiarly Italian. Laying the bicycle down on its side, he dashed a couple of buckets of water on it and proceeded to sluice it with a broom. After mature deliberation, we concluded that the roads



P.I.P. CYCLISTS IN ITALY: LAGO DI JARDA FROM THE ROAD NEAR RIVOLTELLA.



P.I.P. CYCLISTS IN ITALY: LAGO DI JARDA FROM THE [illegible]

were too muddy, and a clean bicycle a nuisance. The run of thirty-three kilomètres

To Brescia

over an elegant road was quickly made. This thriving town, prettily situated at the foot of the Alps, is interesting from its numerous old churches, the old Campanile, and the fountains of clear, cold water from the north Italian lakes. Attempting to ride through Brescia we encountered the old objection, quite familiar to us now by its fourth repetition. The streets were either too sacred to be desecrated by the wheels of a bicycle, or else they thought so much of cyclists that the measure was one of pure, unalloyed benevolence to prevent any of them from breaking their neck by falling.

Twenty-eight kilomètres more over a level road brought us to

Sfesenzano, on Lago di Jarda.

The road runs along the southern shore quite close to the lake for three or four kilomètres, affording a splendid view of Italy's largest body of fresh water. A grand sight it is to see the lake in the midst of the wild mountains. As we rode along the base of the lofty mountains the snow-covered tops of still higher ranges could be seen in their rear, forming a white background.

The Ride to Verona was Delightful,

the road smooth and undulating, with picturesque views of the receding lake and the ever-present mountains. After a short search we succeeded in finding the Albergo Cola on the banks of the swift Adige. Interesting old Verona demanded from us a day's halt. Gladly would we have granted more, if the time could have been spared. Among all the interesting remains to be seen here—the Roman, the mediæval, the modern, England comes in for her small share through the

Genius of Shakspere.

In Verona is laid the scene of one of the poet's greatest productions. Our first move the next morning was to pay a visit to the so-called

Tomb of Juliet.

Walking along the Via Capucini, we soon came to the sign "Tomba di Giuletta." A sallow, thin-looking Italian showed us down a small court, at the foot of which was a large door. By ringing a bell the door swung open, and we walked through an archway of one hundred and fifty feet, filled with very unpoetic farm machinery, into a large inner garden or court, which we were informed was part of the old monastery. In a little square in one corner was the tomb to which come annually thousands of English and Americans. Why do they visit it? The best authority tells us that the tomb is fictitious. Because the great genius of Shakspere has thrown a halo about it which will always make it fascinating. Though fictitious, it serves as a tangible recaller of the beautiful Juliet and her unlucky but sincere attachment to Romeo. The attendant reaps a rich harvest. Besides showing photos and books of the play for sale, he offers to sell to any purchaser a bit of the stone of the real tomb at a moderate rate. He has probably sold enough stones within his short life to make a dozen tombs. However that may be, the tomb is more interesting to an English-speaking person than the splendid marble tombs of the Scaligers of which one reads so much.

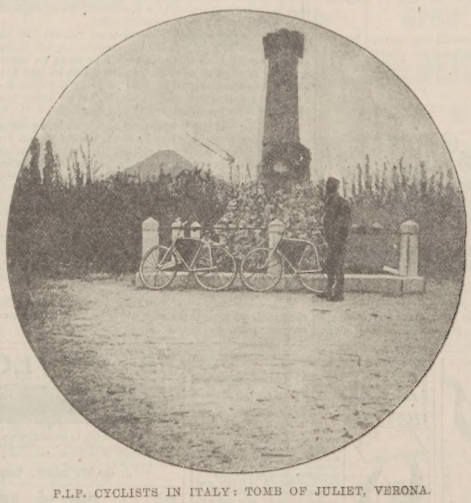
We had the pleasure of being in ourselves more of an attraction to the inhabitants of Verona than they to us.

Our C.T.C. Costumes

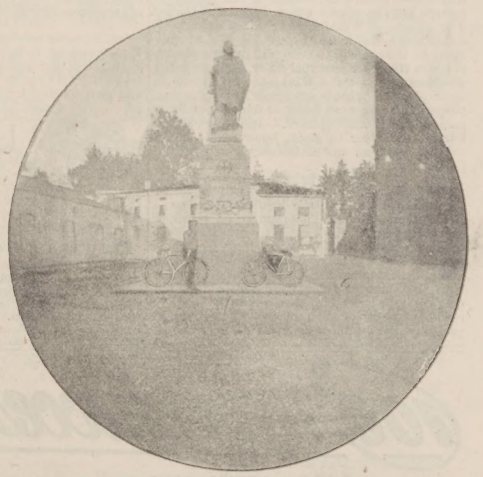
attracted many an eye, and evoked many a smile at our expense. Still, in consideration of the fact that many of our admirers were of the fair sex, we said quits. The partiality of cyclists for ladies, and vice versâ, is an axiom too well known in England to require expansion, and need not be dwelt upon here.

WM. L. SACHTLEBEN.
THOS. G. ALLEN JUN.

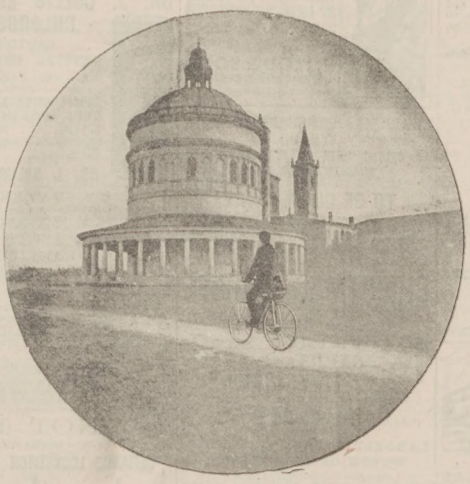
(To be continued.)



P.I.P. CYCLISTS IN ITALY: TOMB OF JULIET, VERONA.



P.I.P. CYCLISTS IN ITALY: STATUE OF DANTE IN VERONA.



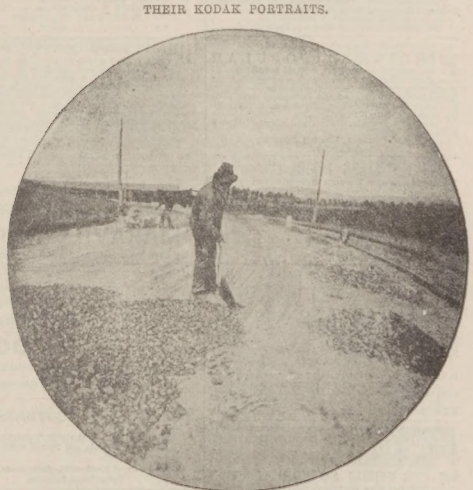
P.I.P. CYCLISTS IN ITALY: CHURCH OF THE MADONNA, VERONA.



P.I.P. CYCLISTS IN ITALY: ITALIAN BEAUTIES POSING FOR THEIR KODAK PORTRAITS.



P.I.P. CYCLISTS IN ITALY: BRACE OF OUR ADMIRERS ON THE ROAD TO VERONA.



P.I.P. CYCLISTS IN ITALY: ITALIAN ROAD REPAIRER.

CYCLE & CAMERA

THE *C.T.C. Gazette* for December is out with election and renewal papers. In the correspondence columns, much space is given to the reform question, but, judging from the letters published, the chief difficulty in the club just now is the unwillingness of councillors to work together. Almost all say they want reform and are eager to see it established, but they will have none of the measures proposed by anyone else. The London councillors protest against the "anti-reform gang" in the north, and "northern councillors protest against the "reform gang" in London, and the reform declared so necessary seems as far off as ever. The suggestions of the Office Supervision Committee do not help matters much; the Office Committee they would appoint to do very much the work done at present by the Finance Committee, and to meet once in three months, would have small chance to exercise any supervision. It is funny to find one councillor calmly threatening, if certain steps be taken by the so-called London clique, to get, as was done before, "an expression of opinion from the membership on such conduct." Has he forgotten already the sad collapse last spring when an attempt was made to obtain the same opinion of members?

Far more profitable is the continuation of the discussion of the tyre question. Nothing of so much value has appeared in the columns of the *Gazette* for months and months. The drawings of tyres add much to the interest of the text. Now that the Stanley Show is so near, I might as well wait to see what is then shown before saying much more about this all-important subject. But I must at least refer to Mr. Boothroyd's invention, which he thinks will solve the whole problem. It seems to be a sort of combination of pneumatic and cushion, which, the inventor claims, does away with the drawbacks of both while it retains all their advantages. Of course, we have a chance to see it at the show.

While the C.T.C. has been talking so much about reform and accomplishing so little, a change for the better has been quietly made in the N.C.U. This is the establishment of a London centre to work here in the same way as the local centres work in the provinces, the executive still to manage the general affairs of the Union. This will be better for London and the Executive both.

One good outcome of the late agitation on the subject of road-racing is the decision of the Surrey B.C.—if report can be relied upon—to countenance no road races for a distance less than twenty-five miles next summer. If a few more clubs were to follow this excellent example, the road-racing problem would solve itself without the help of the Union or the interference of the police.

Another item of interest to racing men is the progress made in the work on Herne-hill track, where important racing will probably be seen next summer. Mr. J. Dring, the secretary to the grounds, intends to be at the track on Saturday afternoons in December, when club secretaries and others interested will have a chance to look at the track and find out all particulars about it and its regulations for the coming racing season. Those who have been to Herne-hill already declare the track to be most excellently and scientifically made.

The United States postal authorities have mounted the postmen of Washington on Safety

THE *Medical Annual* advises Practitioners to remember that when recommending Cocoa as a food and beverage for invalids, the name CADBURY on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity.—[ADVT.]

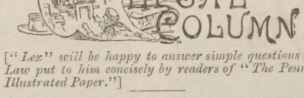
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bicycles—a good plan, though it can hardly be carried out in many other American towns. The streets of Washington are all of asphalte—a fact which has added immensely to the popularity of the cycle in the capital. But the paving is vile in the other principal cities. The *Bicycling World* says that "the *Washington Star* gives as the experience at the Washington Post Office that two men on cycles can easily do the work of three men, and do it much quicker." In the delivery of letters from door to door, however, I should think a machine would be very much in the postman's way.

In the December *C.T.C. Gazette* will be found a subscription form to the Roads Improvement Association. This is an organisation to which every touring cyclist ought to subscribe. It has not accomplished very much as yet, it is true, but I believe it has been hampered by want of money. It now has a very fine list of patrons, with the Duke of Fife at their head. If, not only cyclists, but all road-users can be made to see the necessity of such an association, it could probably be established on a sounder basis. Subscriptions sent through the C.T.C. will be acknowledged in the *Gazette*.

Dr. Turner's articles are still continuing in the *Cyclist*, and are to be translated for German and French cycling papers. I feel sorry for the translators, if they are not well versed in medical and physiological terms.

N. C. U.



LEGAL COLUMN

["Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. D.—The question you ask relates to the law of conveyancing in Canada, about which we cannot undertake to advise correspondents. The system of the registration of title may prevail in that part of Canada you mention. You should then probably have some entry made on the Register of your charge. According to English law, deposit of the title-deeds should be accompanied by a memorandum of deposit in order to make the transaction clear.

Colvale.—"Colvale" succeeds as heir-at-law to the freehold property of his intestate uncle, but there was a mortgage on the land, and he wishes to know whether he or the administrator is liable to pay the charge on the land. The land is primarily chargeable with this duty, and "Colvale," if he takes the land, must be prepared to pay the debt.

H. W. D.—If the young man is still under twenty-one, of course nothing can be done, unless it can be shown that he renewed or ratified the promise after he attained twenty-one years of age. A man can never be "forced" to marry. All that can be done is to recover damages, but, if the facts are as set forth in this case, no action could be brought against the young man.

Distressed Orphan.—Your question is not exactly a legal one, but we shall be glad to help as far as we can. If you know about the date of the death you could search at the Registrar-General's Office at Somerset House, London, and you would no doubt find a record of it.

King.—We doubt if you could recover under the circumstances, as there was contributory negligence on your part.

Cumro.—In this case we think there is a yearly tenancy expiring June 26, and therefore you are entitled to six months' notice expiring at that time. We assume, of course, there is no written agreement. If the landlord calls for the rent, and is not immediately paid when due, of course he can distrain; but if the tenant sends a cheque, and it is duly honoured, it had better be accepted without any quibbling.

Hockley.—Tender the amount in cash to the doctor in the presence of witnesses, and, as no proceedings have been commenced, refuse to pay the expenses of the collector.

Shirlands.—No definite answer could be given to your question without seeing the will and knowing whether the property were freehold or leasehold. But, speaking generally, where five out of six can agree to sell, and the sixth will not join, legal proceedings can be taken to compel a sale.

L. G.—A father has not an absolute power of preventing a daughter from going abroad. Under the circumstances mentioned in your letter, assuming she is now free from any restraint or coercion, she is perfectly entitled to go abroad if she pleases.

James W. C.—Such raffling as you propose is illegal.

LEX.

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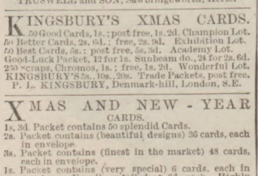
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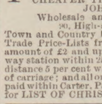
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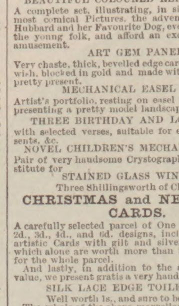
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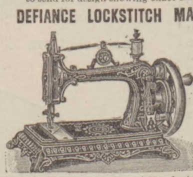
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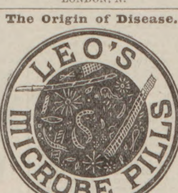
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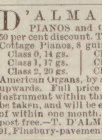
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Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly.
State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s., to Dr. GORDON, 10, Brunswick-square, London, W.C.

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From the *Manchester Evening News*, Nov. 10, 1890.

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EDITOR'S NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM AN EDITORIAL NOTICE IN "LADY'S PICTORIAL."

Under the quaint title "Wylwyrwell," or otherwise "Will-Wear-Well" cloth, Mr. Lutas Leathley, the well-known woollen merchant of Armley, near Leeds, has brought out this season a beautiful and novel material for ladies' dresses, which will be found altogether unrivalled for wonderful wearing qualities, combined with marvellously moderate prices. A complete dress length of a good serviceable winter material, when offered for half a guinea in all the newest colours, must in itself prove an irresistible bargain to the female mind. We must confess that as a rule we look somewhat doubtfully upon very cheap goods, but, after having given these cloths a personal trial, we can assure our readers that they may at once yield to the temptation to purchase one of Lutas Leathley's wonderful half-guinea dress-lengths without a moment's hesitation or the slightest mistrust as to the ultimate consequences. We have just had the pleasure of looking through the new patterns of "Wylwyrwell" cloth, specially prepared for the forthcoming season, and our readers will no doubt be interested to know that the present range of artistic colours will be found to include all the newest and most fashionable shades, specially dyed for Mr. Lutas Leathley. The natural homespun colourings will be found specially suitable for tailor-made gowns, and our readers will also find many beautiful shades, in the way of all the newest tones of copper and terra-cotta, réséda, myrtle, and bronze green, purple, fawn, and grey, with several very novel shades of tan colour and brown, and the always useful and lady-like navy blue. All these materials measure fifty inches, and on receipt of half a guinea Mr. Lutas Leathley is prepared to send a dress length of six yards, carriage paid, to any address in the United Kingdom. In the present fashion for plain full skirts six yards will be found an ample quantity, but in case any additional quantity should be required, as, for instance, for a jacket or cape, Mr. Lutas Leathley is prepared to cut any length at the rate of 1s. 9d. a yard. With every dress length sold this season a handsome brocaded silk handkerchief will be given away. Among the ladies who were last year supplied with half-guinea dress lengths of Mr. Leathley's wonderful cloths were the Marchioness of Waterford, the Marchioness of Drogheda, the Countess of Suffolk, the Countess of Westmeath, Lady Idina Brassey, Lady Greville, Lady Miller, Lady Forster, Lady Redhouse, Lady Grove, and Lady Goldsworthy. Patterns of these wonderful cloths will be sent to any address post free, and as the demand for patterns at this season of the year is naturally very great, ladies will do well to make their application without delay.
Write at once for a full set of patterns (which need not be returned), and you will be astonished when you see them.

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WYLWYRWELL FACTORY, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

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BRIGHT METAL. SIXPENCE THE BOX OF FOUR.
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Enclose length walking shoe. Quality (colour Brown)	Prices (post free) Chldn's.	Ladies.	Gents.
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SAFELY, RAPIDLY, and PERMANENTLY by USING
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Which has Restored the Hearing of Thousands.
Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, Cherry Orchard, Croydon, writes: "Before I used 'EARLENE' I could not hear the trains whistle; but before finishing one bottle I could hear the birds sing in my garden."
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LAUNDRY GLAZING SECRET.
Cuffs, Collars, and Fronts like White China. Nothing used in the Starch. No polishing iron required. Particulars free.—LAUNDRY, 29, Liscard, Birkenhead.

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J. THEOBALD AND COMPANY'S SPECIALITIES.

THE CELEBRATED

BIJOU MAGIC LANTERNS

AND SLIDES.

THE SALE INCREASES EVERY YEAR.
NOTHING BETTER FOR A PRESENT.
BEST QUALITY AND LOWEST PRICES.

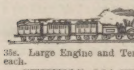
These carry the palm over all others. The Lanterns and all of



the Slides are of superior English make. These are specially got up so as to form nice presents, and will give satisfaction everywhere.

No. 1 Set comprises a best English-made Lantern, fitted with two lenses, paraffin lamp, glass chimney, silvered reflector, 60 really Comic Figures on 12 long Slides; 3 complete Nursery Tales, each tale having 12 pictures on 4 Slides, making 36 more pictures; 2 Comic Slipping Slides, 2 Moving Lever Slides, 2 Moving Panorama Slides, 1 "Good Night," 1 "Welcome," 1 Curtain, 1 Queen, 1 Man Swallowing Rats, 2 Chinese Firework Slides—making 109 pictures in all. Complete, with instructions, giving a picture on the sheet of 3 ft. diameter. Price 10s. 6d. No. 2.—Precisely similar, but having a No. 2 Lantern and No. 2 Slides, forming a larger size throughout. Gives a picture 4 ft. in diameter. Price 14s. 6d. No. 3.—Having a No. 3 Lantern and No. 3 Slides. Throughout a very excellent set, giving a 5 ft. diameter picture. Price 21s. Bottles of specially prepared Chemical Oil, giving far superior light, at 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. Larger sets up to £50. See Illustrated Catalogue of Lanterns and Slides, 60 pages, 3d.

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2000 Sold in Three Weeks.
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A SPLENDID LOCKSTITCH SEWING MACHINE complete for 6s. 6d., carriage free. A chance of a century. Owing to the failure of this great company, we have been enabled to buy up 5000 of their BEST QUALITY SEWING MACHINES at 75 per cent. under proper price, and thus to sell a practical Family Sewing Machine at less price than is asked for a toy chain-stitch machine. Sewing Machine makers aghast and paralysed at our selling machines for 6s. 6d. which work as well as theirs at £10. Once this lot is sold, no more can be had. We could not make them at a guinea each. These machines are suitable for either finest or coarsest work. No catchpenny advertisement. The biggest bargain ever offered. Call and see them. Each machine silver-plated. All orders must be sent within twenty-eight days. Coupon must be cut out and sent with each order. A COMPLETE, THOROUGH, PRACTICAL, LOCK-STITCH SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE, carriage free, 6s. 6d.; Two for 12s. 6d.; Three for 18s. Extra Needles, 1s. per dozen. Oil, 6d. Never another chance like this. The machines were obliged to be sold by the Official Liquidator at any price offered, so as to close the estate, hence this price. There is an enormous loss on every machine sold.

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Entitles holder to ONE BONETA MACHINE for 6s. 6d., if sent within twenty-eight days from this date. (Signed) J. THEOBALD and CO.



THE CHAMPION AMERICAN WRESTLERS. Selling by thousands. These amusing figures jump about and start up and down with lifelike reality, first one gaining the ascendency and then the other. Endless fun.
Best quality, 1s. 6d. free.

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Two figures dancing furiously one against the other. 1s. 6d.

THE KENSINGTON MODEL STEAM ENGINE.—Works by steam for one hour at each operation. Strong metal boiler, brass flywheel, lubricator, brass supports, tripod stand, and furnace complete. Post free, 1s. 3d. Larger and better models, with powerful cylinder and safety valve, 2s. 9d., 3s. 3d., and 8s. 6d. The marvellous HORIZONTAL ENGINE, brass boiler on large stand, 10 by 7 by 7, and with working circular saw included, 13s. 6d.

MODEL STEAM LOCOMOTIVE.—Each warranted to work. Large boiler, bed-plate, steam-tap, 4 brass wheels, 2 cylinders, furnace, and safety valve. Carriage



free, 6s.; with whistle in addition, 7s. Much superior ditto, in solid brass and copper throughout, very beautiful, 10s. 6d.; or 6 wheels, and much larger, 18s. 6d.; 8 wheels, and working backwards and forwards, 35s.

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THE MARVELLOUS KENSINGTON LANTERNS AND SLIDES. A beautiful Japanned Metal Magic Lantern on polished wooden platform, fitted with chimney, lamp, double focussing tube, two best lenses, and twenty comic figures, post free, 1s. 3d. Larger ditto, with forty figures, 2s. Superior and still larger ditto, 2s. 6d., 3s. 3d., 5s., 7s. 6d., up to £50. See Special Magic Lantern Catalogue, 3d.

KAZOO.—The wonderful instrument for imitating Punch and Judy, Cats' Concert, Birds, Cock Crowing, and every other animal or instrument. Played by anyone. Post free, 1s.; three for 2s. 6d. Miniature Bagpipes, warranted to play, free 1s. 2d. The new Mechanical Whistling Locomotive, 8 in. long, nickel-silvered, whistles as it runs along, free, 1s. 6d.



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THE
MARVELLOUS GYMNAST

This wonderful Automatic figure walks along a plank at a great height, moving his legs naturally. Although he will go straight or from side to side, no effort will prevail on him to fall. Most amusing toy of the season. Post free, 1s. 3d.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S CARDS.

Our justly celebrated packets this season are of the most stupendous value. Last year our sales more than doubled, and this Christmas we are offering quality and quantity such as will drive all competitors out of the field. Our cards always please, and bring us hundreds of fresh customers through recommendation alone. Our No. 1 2s. 6d. Packet contains four 6d. cards, six 4d. cards, six 3d. cards, twelve 2d. cards, twenty 1d. cards, and thirty various-priced cards of Flowers, Fruits, Scenery, Shipping, Winter Views, Animals, Castles, Comic Figures, &c. Most of these are of the greatest recherché character, with many gold bevelled-edged cards. Also, in addition to above, ten gold-backed cards, three pretty cards, Mamma's Pets, five Nigger Cards, five silvered Sunset Cards, and the magnificent Lighthouse Card, a model of a Lighthouse at Sea, and which contains eight other cards, making 110 cards, free for 2s. 6d. This Packet must be seen to be believed. No one can credit the tremendous value given. The Packet is worth quite 12s. 6d.

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No. 4 Packet, two 4d., three 3d., three 2d., twenty 1d., and twenty-two various cards, free 1s. 3d. Packets of large envelopes, assorted sizes, at 8d., 1s. 3d., and 2s. 6d. per packet. Three 1s. Christmas Booklets, all different, for 1s. 6d. free.

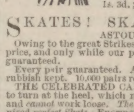
D.D.D., D.V., and R.R.R.



MISS DOLLIE DAISIE DIMPLE, and DIMPLE VILLA. Formerly sold at 1s. 4d. each. Now, owing to the liquidation of the English Toy Co., and our buying the whole of the stock of 48,000, sold for 1s. 4½d. the two.—Dollie Daisie Dimple, with her travelling trunk and dresses of coloured calico, hats, skirts, corset, underclothing, &c., all to take on and off, 54 articles in all, and Dimple Villa, a large two-roomed villa, 16 in. by 11 in. by 8 in., to set up and take to pieces, very strong and attractive. The two toys complete, free for 1s. 4½d.

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GRAND EXCELSIOR CHRISTMAS BOX PARCELS.—10s. worth of goods for 2s. 6d. None sold after Christmas at this price. Simply a gigantic Christmas Box. Each parcel contains the enchanted syrinx, the new musical instrument; one magic photograph; the great American pictorial puzzle, 18 in. by 12 in.; a nickel-silver pen and pencil; two 4d. Christmas cards; a 6d. Christmas booklet; a crocodile leatherette writing-case, with compartments for notepaper, envelopes, &c.; a blotter; 12 superb coloured plates of celebrated English battles and Victoria Cross heroes; packet of Silurian notepaper; handsome enamelled scarf-pin; an ivorine opera-glass, with microscope combined; and six flags for Christmas decoration, and three good bonbons. The entire lot for 2s. 6d., carriage free; two parcels for 4s. 6d. or three for 6s.



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MODEL ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH, complete with Battery, 1s. 3d.; pair for 2s. 6d.

SKATES! SKATES!! SKATES!!!

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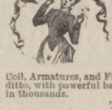
Owing to the great Strikes all Skates have now gone up to double price, and only while our present stock lasts are these low prices guaranteed.

Every pair guaranteed. All made of Bessemer steel. No common rubbish kept. 10,000 pairs ready to go off by return of post.

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THE RENOWNED ACME PATTERN SKATE. Best quality. Once the Screws are adjusted properly to the feet it is only necessary to press a lever to put them on or take them off. Price, free, 3s. 6d. Nickel Silver, 6s. 6d.

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THE MARVELLOUS ELECTRIC COIL.—Complete apparatus; a powerful Electric Coil, Contact Breaker, Platinum, Handles, Wires, Stand, Coil, Armatures, and Fittings, complete, free, 1s. 3d.; very superior ditto, with powerful battery, 2s. 9d. Warranted to work. Selling in thousands.

THE CELEBRATED

NORWEGIAN SLIPPERS.

Original Introducers. Sale, 1000 Pairs Daily.

We are happy to state we have greatly improved these Slippers at an extra cost, without charging the public any more. They are now made a much better shape and much stronger throughout, and better quality material, in Scarlet, Blue, and Black. The great advantage of these Slippers is that there is No Leather, Nails, or Hard Substance to hurt the feet. They are Felt throughout, very strong, very nice-looking, and very easy. We send them to all parts of the world; people wear them all the year round. Try one pair and you will soon send for more.

PRICES:—Ladies' 1s. 6d., post free; gentlemen's, 1s. 9d. 2d. per pair discount if three pairs are taken, 4d. per pair discount if six pairs. State size required, and try a pair at once.

Customers who once have them always have them.



THE INSULTING CIGAR-CASE.—You offer your friend some tempting cigars, but directly he goes to take one they fly off, and a saucy head, with extended fingers, jumps up in place. Post free, 1s. 2d. THE MAGIC CIGAR CASE, where cigars entirely disappear and case is found empty, 1s. 2d., or in real leather, 2s. 2d. and 3s. 3d. THE PUZZLE FUSEE CASE, 1s. 2d.

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THE SHADOW PANTOMIME.—Complete Theatre to fit up and take to pieces. Strongly jointed, with large number of figures and book of words, free 1s. 3d. Much superior and larger ditto with lamps complete, 2s. 6d. Very best quality, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 6s. 6d.

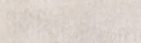
THE PANORAMA PEEP-SHOW,

fitted with handsome front, folding side wings, lens, silvered reflectors, and six coloured scenes, 1s. 3d. Larger ditto, with twenty scenes and three lamps, 2s. 6d.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

Splendid fit-up of Theatre, supports, play, and book of words complete, free, 1s. 6d. Larger size, 2s. 10d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.

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THE KENSINGTON MICROSCOPE.—One of the most powerful made. Fine muslin seen through it resembles thick cords. In beautiful nickel-silver case. Post free, 1s. 2d.



THE MAGICIAN'S CABINET, containing ten good Tricks, post free, 1s. 3d. Boy's Own Cabinet, containing four best 6d. Tricks, post free, 1s. 3d. Boxes of larger and better Tricks, 2s. 10d., 5s. 4d., 10s. 6d., 21s., 42s.

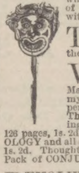
THE ELECTRIC FUSEE CASE. Anyone trying to open this who is not in the secret receives an Electric Shock, 1s. 8d., free.

THE MAGIC WHISTLE.—Anyone who blows it not in the secret gets his face covered with charcoal or flour, 1s. 2d.

THE RAT TOBACCO POUCH. Capital fun; life-size, 1s. 6d.

BLOATER, 1s. 6d.
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PICK ME UP, OR THE ROYAL OLD MAID GAME.—Dedicated by special permission to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. Sixty-nine Cards, forming the best game out for any number of players. Post free, 1s. 2d. No party complete without a pack.



THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN PIN.—A beautiful gold-plated stag's head pin for scarf or dress, which diffuses sprays of delightful perfume at will of the wearer. Post free, 1s. 2d. Very superior ditto, with larger ball and special perfume, 2s. 3d.

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REVOLVERS.—VERY SPECIAL.—In these days, when there are so many burglaries with violence, it becomes a duty of every householder to provide adequate means of defence should he be molested. Every Revolver that we sell is guaranteed, and bears the proof stamp of having been officially tested. When this is taken into consideration, the absurd prices at which we sell these warranted instruments becomes more apparent. We know houses who get double the prices for Revolvers we are asking, and yet are considered cheap. We offer, while our stock lasts, the

RENOWNED ACME REVOLVER, which is 6¼ in. long, having six chambers, self-cocking, bright steel barrel and walnut stock, taking 7 m. m. pin-fire cartridges. Price only 6s. 6d., carriage free, 6s. 9d.; or the same Revolver, with barrel and chambers beautifully nickel-silvered, and a carved handle, very superior, 8s., free 8s. 3d. Cartridges for the above Revolvers, 50 for 2s. 6d., or 100 for 4s. 6d.

THE STUDENT MICROSCOPE, with 200 different objects, 1s. 8d.; Larger ditto, 500 objects, 3s. 6d.



THE MECHANICAL ELEPHANT.

On being wound up, runs along. Post free, 1s. 6d.

Donkey, Horse and Cart, Cow, Giraffe, Doll, Dog, Turkey, Chicken, Milk Carts, Canary, Camel, Tricyclist. All 1s. 6d. each. All going by clockwork.

THE ACME SELF-ACTING WASHER. A Great Invention. No more weary heads and aching limbs; no ruffled tempers and everything behind time; no more imperfectly washed clothes. The ACME SELF-ACTING WASHER will thoroughly cleanse all clothes, of whatever description, in a far more efficient and more careful manner than can possibly be done by hand. It does not injure the clothes; it can never wear out. It will lengthen the life of many a weary woman hitherto worn out constantly by a day's heavy wash. It will fit into any copper, and it forces the water through and through the clothes, extracting every particle of dirt and leaving them pure and perfectly clean. It will wash the thickest and coarsest material, or the thinnest muslin curtains equally well. Its great advantages are that no labour is required, it is entirely self-acting; no washboard, no pulleys, no rollers, no rubbing, no chemicals, and no backache. It causes a smiling face, a contented mind, and a happy household. Washing day no longer a dread. One half the time, one half the soap, no labour at all, and better results. Saves its entire cost in two days. Complete apparatus, with full instructions for using, sent to any address, all charges paid, for 4s. 6d., or two for 8s. Every one guaranteed to do all we say. Made on scientific principles, and cannot fail to act. To procure at this low price, all orders must be sent at once. Prices will rise directly the first 5000 are sold. Send Coupon with order.



"P.I.P." COUPON.
Entitles Holder to ACME WASHER at above prices, if ordered within Twenty-eight days.
(Signed) J. THEOBALD and CO.

THE PATENT EXCELSIOR ACCORDIONETTE.—(The New Musical Instrument.) The Enormous Sale of organettes and other automatic musical machines induced us to study whether a machine could not be produced which, while it required no skill in playing, should yet have an artistic shape and action, and not have the music ground out in such an ungraceful manner as to resemble an old-fashioned Hurdy-gurdy. We have succeeded in producing an instrument tastefully made, attractive-looking, capable of producing soft or loud volumes of sound at will, and yet with the most simple action that a child of three can play it. A perforated sheet of music is placed in the instrument, the lid closed, and then the two hands work the bellows in and out like an ordinary concertina, only there are no notes to touch, as the instrument does all this itself. Every household should possess one. Any person without the slightest knowledge of music can play it. The notes are melodious and sweet, soft enough for the low cadence of an echo song or vesper hymn, or can be made to swell to a rich, full body of sound sufficient to fill a hall. Each instrument is made with double bellows, polished mahogany framework, four polished brass parallel bar guides, three rotating wheels and revolving rollers, one complete set of fifteen brass notes on metal frame, with visible escapement, ornamental mahogany slide-rests, two handles, and six tunes, complete in box, offered to all purchasers within twenty-eight days at the low price of 12s. 6d. each, or with nickel silver bars, 15s. Extra tunes in sets of six, assorted, price 1s. the set. To procure at these prices, Coupon must be sent within twenty-eight days (excepting foreign orders). As we anticipate an enormous demand, orders should be sent at once.



"P.I.P." COUPON.
Entitles Holder to ACCORDIONETTE at above prices, if ordered within Twenty-eight Days.
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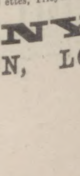
NIGGER AND AMATEUR THEATRICALS. Immense assortment; only best quality. Moustachios, 6d; Whiskers and Moustachios, 1s. 2d. Beards, 1s.; Full ditto, 1s. 6d.; Niggers' Wigs, 1s. 9d.; best 2s. 3d.; or rising top, 3s. 3d.; Set of Bones, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d.; Black for Faces, 8d. and 1s. 2d.; Collars, 1s. 2d. and 1s. 6d.; Cuffs, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. pair; Shirt Fronts, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.; False Noses, 6d.; Tambourines, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d.; Banjos, 4s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d.; Spangles, 7d. and 1s. 2d. packet; Boxes of Theatrical Make-up, Paints, Powders, Rouge, Brushes, &c., 2s. 9d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; Masks and Wigs on Sale and Hire of every description. Theatrical Coloured Fire, 8d. and 1s. 3d. per box. Theatrical Lightning, 8d. and 1s. 3d. for 20 packets.



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Recommended by all the Leading Press.
30,000 now in Use all over the World, as Supplied by us to the Government.

SPECIAL ANNUAL SALE AT REDUCED PRICES.



THE ACME ENSIGN TELESCOPES, open, 16 in. long; closed, 6¾ in. Greatest wonder out. Have six powerful lenses of such remarkable power that they have shown the flagstaff on Windsor Castle from Hampstead Heath, a distance of over twenty miles. Three draws to each Telescope, and morocco-covered body. Object-glasses are 1 in. in diameter. Will tell time by church clock four to five miles off.

Packed in neat case, carriage free, 7s. 9d.; or, with the flags of all nations in beautiful colours round the body, 8s. 9d. Larger size, morocco-covered, called No. 2 size, having much greater power and giving larger view, the object-glasses being 1¼ in. across, price 16s. No. 3 size, with 1½ in. object-glasses, 22s.

The celebrated COMBINATION TELESCOPES, being the same as above, but differently constructed so as to admit of an astronomical eye-piece being screwed on when required, which not only gives much greater power for ordinary day purposes in clear weather, but enables the owner to examine the spots in the sun, the moon, Jupiter and its satellites, and the larger sizes Saturn's rings, &c. These wonderful Telescopes were most highly eulogised by the late eminent astronomer R. A. Proctor, Esq. Prices, complete, with astronomical eye-piece and sun-glass in separate case, with full instructions—No. 1 size, 12s. 6d.; No. 2, 22s. 6d.; No. 3, 29s.; No. 4, having 2-in. object-glass, 42s. Each Combination Telescope has 8 lenses, besides the sun-glass. To procure at these prices, all orders must be sent within twenty-eight days, excepting from foreign customers. Coupon to be cut out and sent with order. Catalogue of Telescopes and Field Glasses, 1d.

"P.I.P." COUPON.
Entitles holder to TELESCOPES at prices as above.
J. THEOBALD and COMPANY.

THE ACME LANTERN AND SLIDES. FOR EXHIBITORS, HOME GATHERINGS, MISSION PURPOSES, &c.

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